

# Flesh

---

# Ariannak

Aliens/Predator

Complete



Created by FicLab

[www.ficlab.com](http://www.ficlab.com)

**Flesh**

**AriannaK**

## Copyright Information

---

This ebook was automatically created by [FicLab](#) v1.0.101 on March 19th, 2024, based on content retrieved from [www.fanfiction.net/s/11412743/](https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11412743/).

The content in this book is copyrighted by [AriannaK](#) or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved unless explicitly stated otherwise. Please do not share or republish this work without the express permission of the copyright holder.

If you are the author or copyright holder, and would like further information about this ebook, please read the author FAQ at [www.ficlab.com/author-faq](https://www.ficlab.com/author-faq).

This story was first published on July 29th, 2015, and was last updated on October 13th, 2020.

FicLab ID: SBRuA8lQ/ltyta0no/5zf00C5S

## Table of Contents

---

[Cover](#)  
[Title Page](#)  
[Copyright Information](#)  
[Table of Contents](#)  
[Summary](#)  
[General Disclaimer](#)  
[Chapter 1](#)  
[Chapter 2](#)  
[Chapter 3](#)  
[Chapter 4](#)  
[Chapter 5](#)  
[Chapter 6](#)  
[Chapter 7](#)  
[Chapter 8](#)  
[Chapter 9](#)  
[Chapter 10](#)  
[Chapter 11](#)  
[Chapter 12](#)  
[Chapter 13](#)  
[Chapter 14](#)  
[Chapter 15](#)  
[Chapter 16](#)  
[Chapter 17](#)  
[Chapter 18](#)

## Summary

---

**title** Flesh  
**author** AriannaK  
**source** <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11412743/>  
**published** July 29th, 2015  
**updated** October 13th, 2020  
**words** 29,158  
**chapters** 19  
**status** Complete  
**rating** Fiction M  
**tags** Aliens/Predator, Complete, Fanfiction, Human, Movies, Predator/Yautja, Predator/Yautja & Human, Romance

### Description:

On the predator home planet, when a disheartened yautja meets an ooman slave in a brothel, both of their lives start to change for the better... (A very sweet, loving story despite the fact that it starts at a brothel...) (WARNING: Rated M for adult, sexual content.) Please R&R! COMPLETE

## General Disclaimer

---

### General disclaimer

This is a work of fiction intended for entertainment only. Any similarity to reality is a dreadful accident. I don't own Predator or Alien. No profit is gained from writing these stories.

Stories by this author may briefly mention or describe in detail mature topics and triggers such as:

- Crime, use of weapons, **fight sequences**.
- Drug and/or alcohol use.
- Death, war, **blood** and gore.
- Violence** and abuse—both verbal and physical. **Non-consensual sex** and child molestation.
- Kidnapping, child abduction.
- Slurs, racism, **harassment**, bullying, and foul language.
- Eating disorders, mental illness, self-harm and suicide. Emotional trauma.
- Interspecies relationships and intercourse**.
- Sex that may be disturbing to some, such as: rough sex, sleep sex, BDSM, anal, oral, multiple partners, etc.
- Parts of anatomy may be named in a scientific or sexual context.
- Cultural differences such as: religion, abortion, polygamy, arranged marriage, legal age, public sex and nudity, bestiality, inequality, **slavery**, euthanasia, death penalty, cannibalism, human sacrifice, etc.

Stories by this author are not intended to offend, encourage violence, or erotize rape. However, sensitive readers should not continue.

## Chapter 1

---

The corridors were empty and plain, the walls consisting of marbled gray stone with veins of lighter color. There were rows of doors on both sides of him, each exactly the same, except for the numerals engraved into them. The air in the hallway was cycled and carried little to no scent whatsoever. Dumala stopped at a door with the number that matched the temporary mark stamped into his palm. As his fingers reached for the door, the ink on his skin glowed red.

The nano chips in the ink reacted with the doors sensory technology and unlocked it for him. Dumala slid the door open and stepped inside. The interior of the room was a complete contrast from the dull hallways. The bed was the main feature. It was round, topped with silky furs, and set directly in the middle of the room.

Some of the furs spilled off the bed and a few were scattered about the floor in a very inviting manner. Around the edges of the room was other furniture. A hourglass-shaped table held three large skulls. Heat bloomed in his belly at seeing them, knowing that the female that owned them was quite a specimen. A female in possession of skulls meant that she had been worthy enough to have been proposed to, or that she hunted.

Both scenarios greatly pleased him. And as his eyes locked onto the female standing across the room, he was even more pleased. She was stunning. Her body was tall, with lean muscle to her soft curves. Her face was sweetly feminine with violet eyes.

Dumala stood where he was, just taking her in. Her long brown tresses were swept to one side and held in place. Her skin was dark, with lighter mottling and stripping. She was naked, only dressed in delicate chains, and a necklace of preserved animal paws and talons. Her breasts were less than a handful, but her perky nipples were absolutely tantalizing.

A throbbing ache settled between his legs as she strutted forward. Sparring, wrestling, or chasing was typical foreplay but Dumala was overly eager just to get to the intercourse. He used to think that he had a healthy libido, but in recent cycles, his sex drive had become distracting. He had sired many sucklings, trained several pups, and all of his daughters were grown. He had no further interest in wooing females or continuing his bloodline.

However, since his sex-drive had not yet diminished, Dumala found himself visiting this place of business quite often. The female began to circle him like a shark, analyzing him. Her lightly violet eyes moved over his masculine body, his muscles, and his battle scars. Her scent hung in the humid air, testing his control. Though it was not the breeding season when most females were in heat, she smelled fertile.

Though he had paid for her company, and knew that she would mate him whether she approved of him or not, he enjoyed her circling. She seemed to judge him. Dumala purred, his body warming with anticipation. His heady musk began to permeate the air around them. It seemed like he was under the nubile females scrutiny, and he passed.

She placed a palm over his heart as she breathed in a heavy dose of his scent. Her eyes were filled with lust, her dark pupils dilating with the effects of his intoxicating musk. He closed the gap between them and pressed his hips against her body, showing how mere proximity to her aroused him. To placate her, he continued to purr deeply. He had breasts to fondle and her sex to slick his fingers with, but his hands reached out to her scars first.

The female had many breeding marks. Permanent bite marks and gouges covered her body from rough sex. It would cost him quite a bit to persuade her to keep any marks he made, but he would see if she was worth it. He nipped at her breasts, drawing blood. His erection pushed against his crotch guard, becoming painful.

The female quickly remedied that, as eager for sex as he was. She ripped off his coverings, and the sound of tearing fabric delighting him. She let the garments fall to the floor. His lengthy cock stuck out from his body, thirsty for her. Dumala dropped all refinement, and a monstrous new creature transformed in front of her.

A series of airy clicks was the only warning before he sprung at her, claws digging into her shoulders as he swung her around, and slammed her into the wall. He didn't worry about bruising her; he didn't hold back. With a savage growl, Dumala parted his jaws and then bit down on her shoulder. His sharp, pointed teeth sank into her flesh as her body convulsed. Her blood entered his mouth, making his cock twitch upwards with added arousal.

She had an appetite to be ravaged, "Claim me! Tear me apart!"

Dumala kicked her legs farther apart, and positioned his cock in front of her wet opening. With one deft swoop, he penetrated her depths, urging his cock balls-deep inside her channel. His arms wrapped under hers, and he thrust harder, lifting her body off the ground as he did. He wildly rutted her up against the wall, his thrusts rough and erratic.

Her claws dug down his back as he pumped into her, leaving intimate marks. The greater pleasure she felt, the more aggressive she became though. Her hands went to his hair, tugging at the base of the strands. She started to scream like a cat in heat and Dumala tried to sedate her with stronger purrs. His efforts were quickly foiled as her nails grazed his dreads.

The strands were sensitive, and searing lines of pain formed at her fingertips. He pulled away from her only to force her over to the bed. The pain mixed with the pleasure, only adding to the high and adrenaline entered his system, giving him the strength to hold her down. One hand clamped onto her thigh, folding her leg up out of his way so that he could penetrate her deeper. His other hand wrapped around her throat to hold her in place.

He hammered into her with every ounce of his strength. His sharp toenails dug into the furs for purchase, slicing through the pelts in the process. When that wasn't enough, his hand abandoned her thigh to clutch her hip. He held her pelvis at an angle, and viciously stuffed more of his thick cock into her body. She buckled under him, moaning, and his exhales were laced with subtle growls.

He continued to pound into her relentlessly, his claws around her throat keeping her pinned. As pleasure stacked, he bent down to bite her neck, completely dominating her body. His muscles began to feel the exertion. Dumala wouldn't give into the release so easily though. His stamina was better than that.



His efforts were rewarded, the excessive amount of exorcize releasing endorphins into his system. He grunted and rammed into her passage faster. She threw her head back into the furs with a passionate cry as an orgasm swept through her body. He moved his hand to cover her mouth, muffling her orgasmic cries. No one was around to hear her, he simply reveled in the sense of control over her.

Dumala had just a bit longer to go before his peak. He had given the female her pleasure first though, and that prompted her to buck him off. He purred to her like a revving engine and as she turned, he took the opportunity to mount her from behind. Now he had the excitement of trying to hold on.

His claws dug into her skin and his heart raced as he latched onto her. He pinned her arms against her body and leaned all of his weight on top of her. She snarled and fought him. He fed his cock between her legs, forcibly plunged his member back inside her slick channel. He humped her vigorously, racing to send himself over the edge and spill his seed before she got loose.

The sex would be just as fulfilling if he didn't reach his peak, but his sex-drive would return faster if he didn't. Deep throated groans filled the room. Finally, he felt his testicles contract, and an intense burst of pleasure racked through his body. He held the female tighter, urging his cock deep inside her sex as his hot, moist gush of cum filled her. As soon as his arms unfurled, she rose up and hit him square in the chest.

Dumala dropped off the edge of the bed, his back hitting the floor with a thud. His orgasm still looming in his body and he was content to just lay there for a while. Rushing endorphins, adrenaline, and pleasure created the ultimate sex. When he finally sat up, his muscles felt stiff and overused, but it had been worth it. The female headed to the bathroom without giving him another glance, and Dumala left the way he'd came.

## Chapter 2

---

Dumala stared down at the brand in his palm. Raised lines of skin formed a symbol, a name. Looking at it made his chest ache, so he closed his hand into a tight fist and tried to think of other things. He should have gone for a hunt, as they always gave him drive and focus. He felt like his life held no purpose anymore though, and so hunts seemed pointless. He was in need of a distraction, and so he went back to the brothel.

The owner of the business greeted him right inside the the building. It was a mature female. She towered over him by several feet, her iridescent metal rank rings in her brown hair clinking together as she gave a slight nod. Her mischievous amber eyes locked onto his. Dumala grunted and tipped his head in an informal greeting.

Then he said, "I wish to experience something different."

She perked up some, "Of course. You've always met with our females, but we offer a variety of other species."

"Prey? I was thinking more along the lines of watching an exhibit, or renting out a play room with a yautja female."

"Nonsense. I insist that you take a look at our selection. Besides, all of our rooms are currently rented out, or under construction, and our best performers require an appointment beforehand. Follow me."

Dumala followed the female as she took him down into the shadier basement corridors. The hallways were still plain, but the walls had glass for viewing inside. The yautja female placed her palm on one of the darkly tinted windows and the glass lightened until he could see inside. Unlike the yautja escort quarters, the alien species were in cages, not personalized rooms. Dumala shuffled closer to peer inside.

There was a six legged animal inside, bigger than he was. It looked almost like a dragon, with claws, teeth, and even a tail. Its skin looked rough like sandpaper, and was a light blue and white color. Dumala tilted his head to the side, looking at its sex. It was glistening with slick juices and looked big enough to fit his head inside.

"That doesn't exactly interest me." Dumala choked.

"You were once a great hunter. This beast will try and kill you until you satisfy it. It will be an epic challenge."

"That still doesn't interest me."

"There are no cameras, and our customers privacy is a top priority." She moved towards the door to let him inside.

"I am looking for something a little less strenuous. Have one of the yautja females put on a show for me."

The owner insisted on introducing him to several other species-some he would call animals, while some seemed like higher beings. None of them caught his attention, until he recognized a specimen name on one of the doors. When the female placed her hand on the glass, it didn't lighten. Dumala had been curious to see the creature, but that meant that a guest was currently renting the room. The owner tried to move on.

"You have oomans?"

"Yes, but I don't think they are quite suited to your needs anyway."

All of the other species were prey as well, and that was a turnoff for Dumala. However, he'd never hunted oomans, and hoped that it would feel less strange to mate one. "I'll try an ooman."

The yautja female squared herself in front of him, "Oomans are delicate. Very recently a youngblood was delivering goods, got into an oomans cell, and accidentally killed her."

"By mating?"

"Like I said, oomans aren't suited to your needs."

"I want one."

"Alright. The only one available at the moment is a new female. She's been around yautjas enough not to freak out, but hasn't been mated by one before. We'll get her ready for you." The yautja female had Dumala wait while she went to prepare the ooman.

An alien female she'd seen before rushed into her cell, and Nicole's first reaction was to run away. The female was bigger and faster than she was though, and got a hold of her arm. The yautjas grip was firm but not too tight as she drug Nicole towards the door. She resisted, her heart pounding, but didn't struggle. She knew she'd be beaten if she tried to fight.

"A very valuable customer has chosen you, and it is important that we retain his business. Do you understand?"

"What do I do?"

"You won't have to do a thing. He will make the moves and position you. It wouldn't matter to him if you were asleep. He will be rough, but you are not to fight back. We talked about areas not to touch, didn't we? Repeat them."

"Hair, groin, mouth, throat."

The yautja drug her into a wash room, having her step into a machine that submerged her in a blue gel. It would reduce the natural oily smell of her skin that some yautjas found to be a bit too gamey. Then, she was dried, and the alien woman with the amber eyes started to paint her. She got smacked every time she tried to wiggle away. The paint dried quickly and then she was presented with jewelry.

Nicole got to choose what items to put on, and then she was shoved into a room with nothing more than a bed. She felt nervous standing there naked. She had cloth, leather, and metal jewelry on her, making her feel like a gypsy. They went up her arms, on her wrists, and around her ankles. Nicole fidgeted with them as she waited.

Dumala felt little pity for what he was about to do. Oomans were lower lifeforms, prey. He would be too rough with her, but she was there to satisfy his needs. Dumala walked until he found the appropriately marked room, and went inside. She had been moved from her cell in the basement to a small room. The air was colder than what he was used to, but not uncomfortable.

To Nicole, all of the air seemed to vanish from the room as the door closed behind him. Orange eyes settled on her from across the room. The alien male was about seven foot tall, way over her own height, but shorter than others she'd seen. He was stocky, with broad shoulders and rolling muscles. His face was alien, but she didn't find it appalling like the other human girls had said.

Dumala stood in front of the door, his animalistic urges all but vanishing as he laid his eyes on her. She was much smaller than he anticipated, and skinny, looking rather like a child. Her eyes were a bronze-tinged green, and they were wide and staring at him. Her hair was shorter for a female, only reaching her shoulders, straight, and jet black. A few scars covered her pink skin, and luminous blue tiger stripes had been painted on her body.

Her head slowly turned from him, to the bed, and Dumala was reminded why he was there. Nicole backed away as he slowly stepped towards her though, and he wondered if it was some sort of ooman mating ritual. Yautja females enjoyed a good game of take-down and capture, but the ooman female didn't run. She mirrored his steps, turning as he turned, and they ended up doing circles around the room. But then her back hit a wall.

Dumala stopped a couple feet in front of her and looked in her eyes, waiting. He didn't know any ooman mating customs, and since she was on his planet, they should be going by his customs anyway. The female always had to give consent first. He wouldn't touch her if she didn't give consent. It just wouldn't feel right to him.

Nicole was frozen with fear, waiting for him to make a move. His broad chest slowly rose and fell in front of her eyes. After a moment though, she gulped down pooling in her mouth, and tried to calm her soaring heartbeats. He hadn't hurt her, hadn't even touched her. Bashfully, she tried to look over his body, and at his clothes, without making it obvious that she was staring.

His skin was a light cream, with brown coloring and black mottling. Small bony protrusions grew along the bottom of his lower mandibles, as well as up both sides of his forehead. Short spikes were scattered up his arms, and in the middle of his abs. He wore a necklace of small multicolored stones over a tarnished metal collar. Leather open-finger gloves were on his hands.

Careful not to touch her, he pressed his body closer. He could see her rapid pulse in a vein on her neck, and wondered if her heart was normally so fast. Her smell was different, and not at all alluring like yautja females. There was a smell coming off her that he liked though, but it was masked by something else. Dumala bent down to get a better smell of that sweetness hiding from him.

However, the closer he got, the less sweet she smelled, and he started to wonder if she was afraid or angry. She didn't smell aroused, but he was not used to ooman smells. He was beginning to think that she wouldn't give him consent, or didn't know how. But then with him

mere inches away from her, she shoved at his chest with her face turned away. She had touched him first, and that was consent.

## Chapter 3

---

Nicole had been exposed to yautjas mating, and was terrified by it. They just seemed like complete animals to her—chasing, pinning, clawing, biting, and humping. She'd overheard the other ooman girls once and they'd said that the yautja males didn't care if they ran or struggled, and even liked it. Because of that, Nicole had her mind set on trying to escape him. But no matter how hard she shoved at his chest, he was an immovable force.

The ooman was delicate, so Dumala figured that rutting on the floor would be too harsh for her. He fumbled to pick her up, one arm looping under her crotch and the other holding behind her back. She gave a high pitched squeal at being lifted onto the air. Dumala turned and tossed her into the bed, and the sight of her naked body bouncing in the furs excited him. When she tried to roll off, he quickly blocked her.

Then, he crawled into bed over her, caging her under his muscular body. Wide, unblinking, green eyes stared up at him expectantly. Nicole wanted to thrash and scream at him, but he wasn't doing anything. She hated to admit that she even enjoyed him looming over her, that it made her body tingle. Her eyes followed the movements of his clawed fingers as he undressed.

Fear quickly crept back into her as he tossed away his coverings though. Her breathing kicked up a notch as he opened her legs. She wanted to fight him, but couldn't, and knew it would be useless anyway. The ooman's scent was waning, getting increasingly sour, like a prey animal during a fight. He wasn't used to ooman smells but figured that what he was picking up from her was fear.

The ooman didn't reject him. She hardly struggled. She looked so small underneath him, meek, but beautiful. He wanted her, but the fact that she didn't want him made him feel shame. The yautja females pretended, making him feel like he was winning their favor. The ooman just laid there, offering herself to him like a sacrifice.

It wasn't what he wanted. The ooman made him miss a real connection, made him miss his mate. Nicole didn't meet his eyes, but watched his mandibles click together pensively. After a moment, he shrank away from her and slipped off the bed. She should have been relieved, but just felt like she'd done something wrong.

She didn't move from the bed, just watched him dress. Then, without turning back to look at her, he left the room. Nicole could finally breathe normally. She slipped off the bed and tried the door, but found it locked. There was nothing for her to do but wait for the female yautja to come collect her.

As Dumala headed back through the corridors, another yautja male turned the corner. They both quickly turned away as they passed in the hall, not trying to identify one another. Though prostitution was legal in the small clan, it was not looked upon as decent. He could never return to his former clan where prostitution was illegal, as they would find his actions unhonorable. Since Dumala didn't plan on returning to his family's clan anyway, he didn't care that he was disgraced.

When he reached the front of the building, the owner was waiting for him. She stood up straighter when she was him and her mandibles tucked up into a smile. “How was she?”

“Acceptable.”

The more damage caused, the higher the price went, “List any bruises, bites.”

“None.”

“Bleeding?”

“None.”

She eyed him suspiciously, “No damage... Alright.”

Dumala huffed at the price, which was higher than the yautja females, but he put his palm on the scanner to pay. As soon as he was out the door, the owner headed to the room Nicole was locked in. At seeing the amber-eyed alien female enter, Nicole jumped off the bed and started to back away. The yautja didn’t run and grab her as usual. Nicole could tell that she was angry, since her mandibles were splayed out to the sides.

“I smell no mating musk in this room! Did you fight him? Did you try to touch his hair?”

Nicole vigorously shook her head.

“If another customer denies you, you will be severely disciplined.”

Nicole went pale. She’d only seen one type of serious punishment given, but it had been awful. They didn’t allow “virgin” yautja males to mount any of the oomans, except as punishment. One ooman girl had disrespected a customer, and was given to an unblooded male. Yautja males retained short spikes on their genitalia until their seed took hold, and a female released hormones that meant she was pregnant.

Until a male sired a suckling, the spikes would scrape against a female’s passage walls. For a yautja female, the sensation was amazing. But, to a ooman female, the spikes would tear at the soft inner lining and cause pain and bleeding. Nicole crept towards the door with her head bowed. She didn’t want to be punished.

As soon as she was in reach, the yautja female gave her a kick, making Nicole yelp and fall to the ground. Her knee hit first, taking the brunt of the fall. The yautja female then wrenched her up by her hair. Nicole jogged beside her to keep up as she was dragged through the halls. She was taken back to her cell.

The yautja female was still angry, and shoved the ooman inside, “He paid full price you! For nothing!”

Nicole cringed as the door was slammed closed. She glanced down at her knee where a bruise was forming. The alien female’s claws had nicked her skin when she’d grabbed her hair too, and there were small scratches. She sighed, and flopped down into the small gel mat that was her bed. The only other thing in the room was a toilet.

Dumala went home and tried a different distraction instead of the brothel. He went into his workroom and began tinkering with broken electronics. He was best with autonomous technology, with sensors, but could make other things too. He could fix tools that regrew

bones, healed spinal chords, and gave back sensation to burned skin. Medical equipment was never his focus though.

He preferred weapons and small-scale transportation. He often went to the bazaar just to find raw materials, spare parts, and broken electronics, then would come back home to create his own personal weapons. Everything he made was unique and personalized. Currently though, he was wasting his time with a machine that turned food green. If the outside of fruits acted as a leaf, conducting photosynthesis, then food could make its own energy and stay ripe indefinitely.

It was an interesting idea that he'd been wanting to play around with for some time now, but his mind kept wandering. He was thinking about the ooman. Her body had been naked under him and he had just left. His body ached for attention. Dumala was weak anymore, and eventually headed back to the brothel.

He paid for a female yautja to put on a little show while his hands were free to do as he pleased. He sat down in a throne-like chair, and a lithe young female strutted towards him. She had yellowish skin with black stripes and mottling. She bent forward, and stroked one of his thick, fleshy dreads. He couldn't stop the lusty purr that emanated from his chest.

She swayed her hips and made crude, suggestive movements around him as she undressed. He was mesmerized, watching her carefully as she stripped off her breast cover, then her loincloth, proceeding to take off jewelry as well. His body craved to be touched, and he wouldn't deny himself. As he watched her, his hand slipped under his cloth covering.

The yautja female was gorgeous, but it was everything he'd seen before. His loins ached, but no amount of stroking brought about relief. She got closer and closer, until she straddled the chair and began to rub her sex over his sore spot. Dumala groaned, and his hands grabbed her hips as she continued to dry hump him. When she reached to place her palm on his chest though, as an acceptance to sex, he caught her wrist.

Her show ended and Dumala waited to get up from the chair until his erection had subsided. Then, instead of going to the front desk to pay, he found himself wandering down into the basement. He walked down the dim maze of corridors, trying to remember the path the owner had taken him before. His orange eyes searched for the familiar species name. When he found the ones marked for oomans, he placed his hands on the glass to see inside.

He found her cell quickly enough. Dumala stood with his palm on the glass and watched her. She walked in a tight circle around the tiny room, pacing like a frustrated animal. He moved to the door, but found that it was locked. He would have to go find the yautja owner to have access to the ooman again.



## Chapter 4

---

As he returned to the oomans room with the big bed, he really didn't know what he was doing. He wasn't confident that he'd be able to win her affection. The yautja females were escorts by choice, but the alien species were not. It was either the only job they could get on the yautja home planet, or they were the owners property. The ooman was a slave.

Nicole blinked at him, feeling more nervous that it was the same yautja as before. She was assured by the other humans and the alien female that she didn't need to do anything special, that the male would take control. However, this male just stood in front of the door, staring as though he'd never seen a human before. Her heart thundering in her chest, she climbed into the middle of the bed. That prompted him to come closer.

She laid on her side and propped her head up, trying to look inviting. The ooman wasn't a challenge like he was used to. Still, his blood rushed to a certain extremity at seeing her offer herself to him so blatantly. Her smell was masked by the scent he was certain was fear though. Indecisive, Dumala moved to sit on the edge of the bed.

With his height and bulk, he had to weigh a good two hundred pounds, if not more. He caused to bed to dip, bringing her slightly closer to him. Nicole sat upright, confused. He wasn't even looking at her. She had to do something, or she'd get punished by the alien female.

She cleared her throat, not wanting to startle him as she reached out her hand to touch him. His head slowly turned to watch her, his dreads sliding off his shoulders. His body grew noticeably tense as she brought her palm closer. She made sure to stay away from his odd hair. His mandibles twitched as he felt her small fingers press to his back.

The contact was strange, but her fingers were soft and warm. He wanted her to touch him all over, but she jerked her hand away suddenly. He turned to crawl onto the bed, reaching for her. When she backed away, he growled, but that only made her distance herself further. She squeaked when he grabbed her ankle and drug her to him.

She froze, eyes wide. Her body wasn't painted like last time, making her seem even more vulnerable without the fierce stripes. Her pink skin was so unique to him, without scales at all, just soft intersecting lines. Dumala grabbed her wrist and pressed her palm to his abs. The ooman had the weirdest reaction, turning her face away as her cheeks flushed with heat.

The ooman was reacting as though he was distasteful. She'd touched his back and recoiled, and now she turned away from him. Nicole was almost dizzy, her hand on an aliens rock-hard eight pack. She didn't know what to do, but he stared to lift away from her and she panicked. She quickly grabbed his forearms to stop him from moving away.

Dumala tensed as she moved, but then let out a quiet trill when she held him. When he didn't move, she cautiously put her hands on his abs, then slid them up to his chest. Her scent slowly turned sweeter. Dumala had a lapse in control. He let his weight bear down on her, smashing her breasts against his bare chest.

Nicole's ribcage felt crushed under his body and she shoved up at his shoulders with all of her strength. She jerked her face away when his mandibles lowered to her neck. She could hardly breathe, and her heart rate elevated with fear. Nicole struggled under him, her legs kicking at the bed to get free. Dumala tilted his head at her actions, unsure of what she was doing.

Her scent had turned sour again. When she let out a strangled whine, Dumala lifted off of her. The ooman drew in a quick breath, her small chest expanding. Dumala tucked his mandibles close to his face, ashamed to realize that he had been suffocating her. Her breaths were heaving as she stared up at him with her eyebrows pulled inward.

He understood now how easy it would be to accidentally kill her. Nicole scowled up at him, wanting nothing more than for him to get the hell off of her. His claws slowly reached for her cheek, but she brought her face away from him. Her lungs still burned. She couldn't decipher his alien facial features, but he didn't look sorry to her.

As he sat up though, she remembered what the alien female had said. Nicole had to preform, had to make him sleep with her, or she'd be punished. She sat up in bed with him and reached for his wrists. He let her move him, and she thrust his hands over her breasts. Dumala's body bristled with arousal.

Nicole's breasts were plump and plentiful, but now felt unsubstantial in his large hands. She was not surprised when he moved his hands away. His claws traced down one of the scars across her belly, making her feel even more inadequate. She grabbed his hand and boldly placed it over her sex. He gave a warm purr at first, but then touched the scar near the inside of her elbow instead, making her shiver.

She had guided his hand on her body, to her mammary glands, and between her legs. However, Dumala was more intrigued by her scars. It aroused him to think of her in a battle, small but fierce. Ooman skulls were treasured trophies, but he'd never had the opportunity to collect one for himself. When he touched a circular scar on her hip though, the ooman let out a loud exhale.

His attention returned to her green eyes, but he had no idea what she was thinking. He dropped his hands to his sides. After a second, she sat up a little straighter, looking up in his eyes as she leaned forward. He awkwardly stared down at her as she pressed her mouth to his chest. Her pulse was fast and her scent was full of fear, but she kissed him.

He reveled in the light sounds she made as she sucked and kissed his skin. It was like nothing he'd ever experienced. He stood absolutely still, not reacting at all, and that made Nicole nervous. These aliens didn't have lips, so of course he'd never felt a kiss. She couldn't even tell if he liked it or not.

Nicole pressed her lips to his collar bone, not daring to get any closer to his neck. Suddenly, he let out a low purr. Nicole froze with her mouth on him, receiving the pleasure of feeling the vibrations from his purr rather than just the noise. It made her lids heavy, and her stomach warm and fuzzy. Tension dropped from her shoulders and she grew brave.

Her tongue lashed out across the dip above his collar bone. Dumala sucked in a surprised breath and leaned away. The ooman had tasted him. Nicole wasn't deterred-she pressed closer, and gently nibbled at his skin. Now, biting he liked very much.

Dumala grabbed her, dragging her over him as he laid his back on the bed. His skin was heating, his need building. He was so tall she had to wiggle backwards to rub her hips against his. His loins surged with desire and he quickly reached between their bodies to remove his loincloth. When he yanked the cloth away though, the ooman yelped.

Dumala lifted his head to look at her as she moved off of him. A line of red marked her inner thigh. He looked at his claws finding a subtle hint of blood. He grunted, as it didn't seem like a big deal to him. The ooman kept touching her wound though, glaring at it, then at him.

He purred deeply as he started to crawl over her. She squirmed at first, but he gently positioned her legs, and ran his hands along her body. Her smell was enticing and sweet, and his cock grew in size as a response. Nicole felt his cock brush against her, and was compelled to get a glimpse of it. Her nails dug into his arm though as she realized how unreal his size was.

Her scent waned somewhat, her arousal fading, and Dumala hesitated. Nicole braced herself for pain. When he didn't move though, she reached for his member to guide it to her entrance. Nicole realized her mistake too late. The ooman was frightened, and then reached for a sensitive organ.

It was natural for him to react defensively. Yautjas didn't trust aliens, or even one another. Someone reaching for his gunk meant malice, even if it was a female-especially if it was female. Dumala squeezed his hand around her throat, and her hands shot up to pry at his fingers. His mandibles splayed open as he stared down at her, and the room seemed pungent with her fear.

He expected her to fight him, to struggle at least. Instead, her eyes widened and her body stilled. He could feel her racing pulse through his hand. He was in a position of control and that made him feel powerful, like the hunter he used to be. However, he still couldn't bring himself to fuck her if she didn't want him to.

## Chapter 5

---

His anger resigned, and he let go of her throat. As soon as he did, she scrambled out from under him and bunched herself up at the front of the bed away from him. She acted as though he was the monster when she had been the one reaching for his groin. He grunted, put his cloth back in place, and headed for the door. However, the ooman sprung at him.

He tensed for a fight, but she merely slipped in front of him to block the door. She started saying things in ooman, fast and without pause. Where he was from, speaking a language in front of someone who didn't understand it was disrespectful. The ooman pointed to her knee where there was a light purple discoloration then swept her hair away to show him scratches in her skin. He tilted his head and clicked his mandibles, annoyed.

She tried to touch him, but he backed away. The ooman was acting strange, ill maybe, and he didn't like it. He growled and shoved her out of his way. She struggled not to topple over, then prevented the door from closing behind him. Her eyes started to leak water, so he quickly shoved her back inside the room and shut the door.

Her sudden overreaction repulsed him. He didn't understand oomans. Dumala walked to the front desk, pacing until the owner came. Her amber eyes coldly looked him over. Her mandibles flared slightly, irritated.

"Leave. You do not pay if you didn't enjoy the service." She clipped.

"The ooman was adequate. One shallow scratch was left on her thigh."

"Excuse my manners, but I smell no musk on you. Her job is to lay with you, and if she doesn't, she gets punished."

"I am willing to pay for the time I spent with her regardless, yet you would still beat her?" He was staring to understand what the ooman had been trying to communicate.

"She did not perform her job."

"I will pay you not to harm her." The words slipped out before he considered his words.

The yautja female casually tipped her hips, "Why?"

"I thought customer privacy was a priority." He growled.

She jerked her head to the side, angry at not receiving an answer, but typed into the tablet before presenting the scanner to him. He paid the amount she requested, then asked to visit one of the yautja females rooms. The last yautja female and the ooman had been a tease and he didn't think he'd be able to go any longer without some attention. He was relieved to get back into the old routine, able to predict the females movements.

Nicole was terrified. She searched the room for anything to use as a weapon, but the bed was solid, and there was no other furniture. She foolishly tried to shove the bed against the door, but it didn't budge. She paced the room, her heart hammering against the inside of her ribcage. Nicole jumped when she heard the door slide open.

She had been ready to fight, but at seeing the nine foot alien female, her resolve collapsed, "I'm sorry! I tried!"

The yautja slowly walked towards her, and Nicole's knees bent until they touched the floor. "Get up. He paid for you not to be harmed."

Nicole looked up at her, "What?"

"Get up!" The female thundered.

Nicole staggered to her feet.

"He requested that you would not be punished. Walk towards the door."

Nicole obeyed, and the alien female led her into the medical bay. Yautjas took their promises very seriously. She would not touch the ooman for the rest of the day, and even intended to heal her wounds. The female grabbed a cylindrical container and took the lid off. Nicole hoped up on the table.

The container was filled with an opaque gel that healed minor wounds. At the end of the container was a roller like a pen and all the female had to do was slide it over Nicole's skin. The wound on her thigh vanished immediately. The female headed her bruise and scratches as well. Then, it was back to her cell.

On the way there though, Nicole couldn't help but ask, "Who is he? The important customer that paid for me not to be punished..."

"He was once a feared and respected warrior. When badbloods descended on his chiva, he slaughtered them, and helped secure the hard meat queen alive... He fell from grace when his primary mate died. That is all I will tell you."

"What's his name?"

The female hesitated, but then clicked, "Dumala, born of the Secra Clan."

The yautja female almost warned the ooman that the male might not take kindly to prey knowing his name, but shoved her into the cell without a word instead. Nicole sat down in the gel mat and was plagued with boredom until her next meal was served. She received a bowl of condensed pellet food and a glass of water. The stuff tasted awful. She poured the water in the bowl, trying to pretend that it was cereal.

When Dumala was back home, he went into his kehrite. He used to dedicate himself to practice every single minute he had to spare. Now, most of his equipment looked dull and tarnished. The weapons hadn't been polished, let alone practiced with for a long time. He circled the room, considering the weapons.

He plucked several laser nets off the wall and tossed them carelessly around the room. When they activated, it created a netting of lasers across the middle of the kehrite. They would slice through the hardest organic materials, and limbs would be easily severed. It was just the sort of challenge that Dumala used to test himself with when he was in his prime. To reach the back wall without so much as a burn would be his goal.

Dumala approached the lasers with enthusiasm, ducking and weaving past them quickly. His muscle was not just powerful bulk-he trained for precise and controlled movements. He

was able to stand in awkward positions without swaying as he maneuvered past the red lines. He slid under some, the beams dangerously close. Others he leapt over or contorted his body to squeeze past then safely. The thrill of the challenge was giving him back his confidence and drive.

He was more than half way across when he moved and one of the lasers grazed his shoulder. He could have pushed on, but his goal had been shattered. A laser had touched him, and his passion drained away in an instant. He wasn't the warrior he used to be. He angrily punched the top panel of his wrist controls to turn off the laser nets, then stormed from the room.

It was days later, but he still didn't understand why he was going back to the ooman. His pace slowed in the familiar corridors. She was being forced to copulate with him, and now without punishment, he doubted that she would make any move to touch him. Still, he was compelled to find out if his suspicions were true. Dumala entered the room, and spotted her standing against the far wall.

Nicole fidgeted with her bracelets, wanting to thank him for asking that she not be punished, but not knowing how. She glanced up at his orange eyes only to look away immediately. She didn't understand him. She didn't know why he would pay for her company, or pay for her not to be punished. She contemplated possible reasons, as she couldn't ask him.

Neither of them moved closer, or went to the bed. It seemed that he was correct in thinking that the ooman wanted nothing to do with him. She shifted her balance but hardly looked at him. He had his suspicions that the yautja females really didn't like him either. Dumala turned around and slid the door open.

Before he could leave, Nicole spoke up, "Dumala?"

The yautja male halted in the doorway, and her stomach was doing flips. It was disrespectful for a slave to say a yautja's name, and an invasion of privacy for the owner to have given it to her. Servants and slaves were supposed to say master. However, hearing her small voice say his name did not encourage any anger from him. He turned around to face her, the door automatically sliding closed behind him.

He waited to see if she would say anything else, but doubted she could even pronounce yautja words very well. He almost turned to leave again, but noticed that her scent was completely without fear. He walked forward, getting as close to her as he could before she got scared. Nicole remained still, unsure what sort of game he was playing. She was worried that he would suddenly dart after her, but then she sort of liked that idea at the same time.

When her fear dissipated, he moved closer, pausing when she seemed alarmed again. Each time he got closer, he had to wait longer for her not to smell of fear. It was worth the wait, though he had no idea what he'd do with her once he got to her.

## Chapter 6

---

He stopped to stand a foot in front of her. Nicole felt increasingly nervous with his presence so close, but was tempted to touch him. She looked to his eyes, waiting for any sign of anger as she brought her hand up. She brushed her knuckles along the V of his hip, then flattened her hand out to sweep her fingers along the plains of his chest. Again, the ooman had given him consent while she was afraid of him.

As her other hand touched his chest as well, he sensed that nonintoxicating sweet smell returning. He wondered if she wanted him, but was afraid he'd hurt her. The owner had said that an ooman had already been killed by mating, and Dumala had accidentally crushed her with his weight before. He wanted to show her he could be gentle. His hand slowly reached for her.

She went still, her heart rate elevating some, but he tucked in his claws and brushed his knuckles under her jaw. Feeling brave, Nicole pressed closer. She could feel his erection pressing high on her stomach though, and that alarmed her. He was aroused already. She remembered seeing his ungodly size.

The oomans smell grew less sweet even though she had been the one to move, so he reacted his hand. She shuffled back a step, causing Dumala to utter a small whine, probably too quiet for ooman ears to pick up. Her palms were still on his chest though, and they started exploring. The ooman seemed to be touching him intimately, but also inspecting him. Her fingers lingered on his mottled spots, scars, and jewelry.

He decided to try to touch her again. Dumala reached out both hands to her chest, but sensed her pulse elevate. He hovered his hands around her hips, but her scent was still fearful. So he moved his hands around her body until they hovered around her forearms. Her smell seemed normal, so he pressed his palms to her arms. It was a good start at least.

Nicole felt his skin growing warm as his hands slid around her body. Instead of removing his hands when she grew nervous, he began to purr. The deep, steady rhythm of it made her bones feel like pudding. She slumped against his body, again feeling his erection pressing to her through his loincloth. Her fingers played with the strings that kept the loincloth on, debating whether to untie it.

He loosely wrapped his arms around her back, not wanting to make her feel like she was trapped. Her alluring scent was making his cock throb. He wanted to impale her body on his greedy rod, wanted to rack his nails down her body, and fuck her senseless. He desperately tried to rein his self control. He hunched over, lowering his face to her neck instead.

He just wanted a tiny bite. His jaws parted and he slid his sharp teeth over her skin. His body burned to feel his mouth sink into flesh, but he resigned himself. He wouldn't break her skin. Her heart was already racing.

When she gave an encouraging moan however, Dumala felt his control slipping. His arms tightened around her, and he let his musk fully reach out to her. As his teeth bit down harder,

Nicole gasped, but her body shuddered with pleasure. She slid her arms up, wanting them around his neck. Dizzy with his heady musk, she didn't even realize that she'd made another mistake.

He quickly jerked away from her with a snarl. His head tipped up, his eyes narrowing in an obviously unfriendly manner. Her hands were still lifted, hovering just below his hanging dreds. In trying to put her arms around him, she was putting her hands close to his sensitive hair. Even though he wore a metal collar, the alien female had told her not to touch their neck as well.

Yautjas were defensive, aggressive, and untrusting. She couldn't touch his neck to put her arms around him. She wasn't supposed to go near his mouth, so a kiss was out of the question. His groin was a sensitive area as well, so he'd likely rip her limbs off if she tried to touch him there. Nicole tried not to admit to herself how disappointed she was.

Her scent changed rapidly, the sweetness vanishing completely. It wasn't masked by fear; it was just gone. He had thought that his bite had prompted her to try and hurt him, and had quickly moved to protect himself. However, she was acting strange now, standing ridged since he hadn't let her touch where she wanted. It had to be a ploy to get his guard down. There were plenty of other places on him for her to touch.

When he purred, she looked away. When he reached for her, she avoided being touched. It wasn't fair. Nicole had let him touch her body everywhere, and she wanted the same liberties. She started to act like he had-when his hand came near her face, she tipped her jaw up.

Dumala hesitated, wondering if the ooman would bite him. It wouldn't matter if she bit his hand, as her teeth her small and blunt though. So, he brushed his hand on her cheek anyway. He focused on her scent, picking up something different from fear but just as sour, maybe anger. However, she didn't bite.

She really was a meek little thing, harmless. He trusted the yautja females when they touched his hair, and in multiple occasions that decision had backfired. If he ever took off the collar, he would have trusted then around his neck as well. As for his cock, they could touch, but he would be tense. Never would he allow their mouth and sharp teeth near his groin.

As for the ooman, he didn't trust her at all. It seemed that he was going to have to trust her if he wanted her to like him though. Nicole slid against the wall to get out from in front of him. She didn't know where she was going-there was nothing but a bed and a door. Dumala followed behind her as she began to pace.

Nicole all but screamed when his hands closed around her waist. He suddenly lifted her up into the air and deposited her onto the bed. She flipped onto her back and scurried away from him. He huffed and grabbed her ankle to slide her back towards him. Then, he grabbed her wrists to pull her upright.

Nicole shifted to her knees, confused, but he pulled her up farther. She wobbly stood on the bed in front of him, and was at his eye level. He grabbed her hand, stiffly holding her fingers so that she couldn't move them. Then, he pressed them to his mandibles for moment. Her heart fluttered, feeling his hot breath on her fingers.

He was safely allowing her to touch him. He purred, and moved her hand to his dreds. Her sweet smell was returning and his cock stirred in anticipation. However, when he dared to



wrap her soft finger around one of his dreds, the ooman bared her teeth at him. He quickly jerked her hand away and let out a booming growl.

He had tried to show her his gentleness and trust, and she had displayed aggression. He would show her just how much that displeased him. Nicole fell back into bed when he lurched closer. His chest was heaving and his muscles were drawn tight. She didn't understand what she'd done wrong.

His fists landed beside her head, and he splayed out his mandibles in anger before bellowing out a fierce roar. She tried to twist away from him, but he quickly snatched a handful of her black hair to hold her still. His show of strength faltered as he took notice of her eyes. They were leaking water. Dumala had never seen this, and quickly clamored off of her.

Feeling he may have damaged her, he retreated from the room. Nicole wiped her eyes, her ears ringing painfully. She'd thought that he was being nice by letting her touch his hair, but now thought differently. It had to have been a demonstration-touch his mouth, touch his mandibles, and she'd be ripped to shreds. She waited to see if the alien female would punish her.

Dumala went to the front desk, and upon seeing the owner, confessed, "I made her eyes leak water."

The females mandibles turned into the yautja version of a smile, "Oomans do that a lot when they are emotional-scared, angry, hurt. I will not charge you for it." The female paused, discreetly smelling him, "What made her cry if you didn't mate her?"

"She bared her teeth at me. I reacted."

The female made a short noise of laughter, "Typically, a show of teeth conveys happiness for an ooman. Still, they can fake a smile to trick you."

"She was happy?"

"I suppose. Does that mean you'd like to pay me again not to punish the ooman?"

Dumala gave a nod and the female calculated the price. He pressed his hand to the scanner to pay, then left without another word. He tried to find something to occupy his time. Even though he no longer went on hunts, he still received invitations to ceremonies and other gatherings. A banquet for honorable warriors was coming up soon, but Dumala didn't feel very honorable after making that ooman cry. He didn't feel like going, as he always felt out of place among those gatherings anyway.

## Chapter 7

---

When Dumala left, it had a profound effect on her, though she didn't exactly understand why. Dumala had rejected her. The alien female checked her health and made sure no permanent damage had been done to her ears, then she was led back to her cell. After that, Nicole began to mope. She tried not to think of Earth, but she couldn't help it now.

Nicole had been given up for adoption. It wasn't at infancy, her mother tried hard to keep her, but at age five she finally committed to the decision. She had little memory of her mother, but she had been very young. She remembered reading the reports when she was older though. Her mothers name was confidential.

The reports were kept simple, noting the date that the mother surrendered custody. They said that the noncustodial mother wanted to see the child. The noncustodial mother had been crying. She had pictures of herself as a child with the foster families, but their faces had been cut out. That way, when she was adopted her new family would have photos of her growing up, and they won't have strangers faces in them.

The problem was, she was never adopted. She went from foster family to family, until she was eighteen. On Earth, she had kept pictures of her youth, with no one in them. Though she had great memories with the foster families and the other children, she never felt like she ever had a family. Now, she was on an alien planet with no chance of returning to Earth, with no chance of creating her own family.

Dumala sat in the huge pool bath filled with cleansing water . His mind was on the delicate ooman. In his prime, during the mating season, if he stumbled upon others mating the females would shove off the other male to mate Dumala instead. Females would lock eyes with him from down the streets, across rooms, and during ceremonies with the intent to mate. Some females traveled from other clans just to sire his offspring.

Some bearers asked that his sucklings be trained by their great sire, but Dumala always declined. Now, he regretted it. If he had trained just one pup maybe they could have bonded and he'd have someone to converse with. No females approached him anymore. The only female that he thought might be genuinely interested in him was the ooman, and he'd made her eyes water.

That didn't mean that he couldn't make it up to her. Dumala rose from the bath and began rubbing scented oil on his skin, and on his dreds. He usually wore the same brown tattered loincloth, but instead tied on a black langot. It looked more stylish than a simple loincloth, and showed off his package more. Then, he adorned himself with jewelry made up of small bones and tiny skulls.

Before he left, he looked up ooman greetings. He wanted to surprise her by saying something in her language. However, more than six thousand different languages appeared, and he realized that oomans didn't have just one language for their planet. Since he didn't know which one she spoke, he picked the top three most spoken languages. He quickly memorized the three different greetings, then went to the brothel.

When he got there, the yautja female tried to get rid of him, “Your little ooman isn’t available. Come back later.”

“I want to see her.”

The female looked up at him, scoffing at his attire, “Your serious?” Her amber eyes looked him over curiously for a moment, but then she looked back down at a tablet in her hands, “The ooman is busy.”

“I am more important. Whatever she is doing can wait.”

“She is getting ready for a customer.”

The female could have kicked his ass, but Dumala grabbed the tablet out of her hands, “Cancel her appointment. She will see only me.”

The female growled as she towered over him and snatched back the tablet, “That is bad for business.”

“I will compensate you every time someone tries to make an appointment with her.”

The female backed away, lightly tapping her nails on the tablet, “Alright, I will set the youngblood up with a different ooman.”

The female stamped his palm with the ink that would trigger the sensor and unlock the door, then went to go retrieve the ooman. Dumala went into the room, climbed on the bed, and waited for her. The yautja female slid the door open and shook her head at Dumala’s suggestive posture. Dumala was laying in the bed with his arms behind his head. Nicole stepped inside and crossed her arms.

He tried the first greeting, “Ni hao.”

Her eyes were focused on a wall.

“O’la.”

Her brows pulled inwards as she turned to him.

He let out a rumbling purr, being that she would recognize the last greeting he’d memorized, “Hel’low.”

Her lips almost curved into a smile, and she said, “Hello.”

Dumala trilled. Now that he knew which language she spoke, he could memorize more words, buy a cheap translator, or even learn her language. He tipped his hips suggestively and motioned with his hand for her to come to him. Nicole shuffled to the bed, trying her best not to look at him. Her cheeks were already burning red.

He grunted and motioned her closer. She didn’t want to push her luck with this guy. She didn’t know if denying him would get her punished or not anymore. She shouldn’t have rushed it. Still, he had been so mean the last time, for no reason, and so she didn’t climb into the bed.

Dumala just wanted to feel her soft flesh against his, but the ooman was avoiding him. He’d dressed up for her, and spoken her language, but that apparently was not enough. He had

to else to win her favor. He sat up, and moved to the edge of the bed. She backed away.

He gestured down the length of his body, “Dumala.” Then he pointed at her.

He was asking her name, “Nicole.”

Dumala didn’t try pronouncing it right away, but committed it to memory. When he tried to reach for her, she moved away. He clicked his mandibles, unsure of how to apologize to her for last time. He purred and advanced towards her. He pursued her as she backed away, just hoping she’d touch him and he’d gain consent.

He quickly had her in a corner, and Nicole wanted to shove him away but resisted the urge. He pressed so close that when he inhaled his chest was nearly touching her. She grit her teeth, trying to ignore his smell. It was different from last time. His musky smell was tainted with cinnamon.

It smelled amazing on him. As she waited for him to back away, she took notice of his clothes and jewelry. It was different from last time. He still had the metal collar around his neck, but also wore metal bracelets, a string of small bones, and even a ring. She wondered if he’d dressed better for her.

He hunched down to lower his face to hers. She stood utterly still as his hot breath landed on her face, on her neck, then down on her chest. That rattling purring began again, weakening her resolve. That heady musk assaulted her, making her body yearn for him. She tried not to breathe.

Dumala took a step away. The ooman was rejecting him. His chest felt painfully tight at the realization of his failure. There was nothing else he could do if he couldn’t speak an apology. If she did not give consent, then he could not press her hands to his dreds to try that again.

Nicole watched his orange eyes as they flickered away from her. She should have just touched him, as that’s what she really wanted to do. She sighed as he turned his back to her and went for the door. She almost said his name to get him to come back, but decided against it. She didn’t know what good it would do.

Suddenly though, he turned around and headed back to her. He took off his cloth covering and her stomach knotted with fear. Dumala took off his string of skulls and laid it on the ground. She watched as he removed all of his other jewelry, and even kicked off his sandals. Then, he took off even the metal collar.

She was ready to be attacked by him, but instead, he lowered to his knees. He motioned her closer. She was skeptical, but came to stand in front of him. He purred deeply, and lifted one of his dreds out to her. He was offering her to touch him again.

Nicole didn’t trust him, but she reached out her fingers and touched a metal bead in his dreds. She cautiously looked into his eyes, then wrapped her fist around the fleshy strand. Dumala deepened his purrs, trying to keep her sedate, hoping she wouldn’t try to harm him. The strands were more sensitive than she could know.

## Chapter 8

---

He acted so guarded, his hands twitching up occasionally as she felt his hair, and trying leaning away. He acted as if she intend to yank his dreds out. His body was ridged and his stare was intense. Experimentally, she gently squeezed one of the stand and watched his eyes grow wider. He was being good, but she decided to stop playing with him before he got angry like last time.

She wasn't finished touching him though. She'd leave his hair alone, but there were plenty of other places she wanted to explore. His mouth seemed the next safest thing to touch. Looking into his eyes for permission, he placed her hands on his forehead crest, then slid then down the side of his face. From his cheek bones then, she cautiously brushed the back of her hand on one of his mandibles.

It seemed that she was just as much afraid that he'd hurt her, as he was of her harming him. She was curious though, and he liked the attention. He tried to relax his shoulders as he began to touch his mouth and tusks. They were less sensitive than his dreds. He watched her smile and blush as she prodded him.

When her face leaned closer, his back straightened and he tucked in his mandibles away from her. His mind thought of her biting and breaking his mandibles, but instead, he received one of the most tender touches in his life. Her soft lips just barely pressed over his mandibles, her warm breath lingering on his skin as she leaned away. Her body was buzzing from excitement. However, she was terribly embarrassment, and so she tried to back away.

She grabbed her hand with a speed that made her jump. He pulled her closer and pressed his finger to her lips, then his. Dumala wanted her to do it again. Nichole's cheeks turned a deep red, but she leaned in closer. This time though, she was going to give him a proper kiss.

She used her fingers to spread his mandibles, then pressed her lips to his mouth. Dumala let out a lusty purr, and his mandibles closed on her warm cheeks. He was overwhelmed with pleasure already, and then her fleshy tongue began seeking entrance into his maw. He lowered his jaws, excited by the bumpy feel of her tongue in his mouth. He grabbed her roughly and held her flush against his hot body.

However, Nicole let out a gasp, then a small whimper when he did, so he quickly let her go. When she leaned away, he could see the short red lines on her cheeks. He had gotten overly anxious and his tusks had cut into her skin. He had been nervous about her trying to harm him, but so far, it was only him that had done harm to her. She touched the wounds, wincing as she did.

He started to purr, asking forgiveness, but it seemed he didn't have to. Nicole put her arms around him and kissed him again-cutting his purrs short. He was very careful not to cut her as his mandibles held her face. He securely held her around her back, then stood to carry them into the bed. He laid on top of her in the furs, but careful not to let too much of his weight on her again.

His body hungered to rut with her, to mate her tiny body. It was painful to hold back his rawest, base needs. She didn't seem finished with her inspection of him though. Her palms slid over the small bony points that grew along the bottom of his mandibles, and up the sides of his forehead. He stared down at her green eyes, knowing that he couldn't ravage her like the yautja females.

Every single act during mating would have to be gentle. Nicole flicked her fingers at his black spikes, debating her next move. What she planned on doing would either prompt sex, or anger. Neither option was going to go smoothly. She was pretty damn sure sex with him was going to hurt, at least the first few times. And if he reacted with anger-there was no telling how much he'd hurt her.

Even when he didn't mean to hurt her, he accidentally did, but Nicole was feeling brave. She shoved his shoulder, trying to get him to roll over. Dumala let her struggle under him for a moment, enjoying the sight of her jiggling mammary glands-and, he didn't want her to leave. When she persisted, he laid on his side to let her up. Still, she shoved at him and he pouted, thinking she wanted him out of bed.

When he tried to get up though, she grabbed him. Dumala let her position him on his back with his hands behind his back. He quickly realized where her touches were heading next. Her hand slid down his abs to his hips, and paused. She canabalized her lower lip, making Dumala all the more nervous.

A yautja unable to reproduce was useless in their society, a cripple. It was one of the reasons that females didn't hunt-their ability to create new life was invaluable. Males hunted to prove they were worthy, and if their reproductive organs were injured beyond repair, then they weren't worthy. Dumala had already sired hundreds of pups though, and the handful that had survived so far were now valued members of a clan he no longer belonged in. He had no more desire to continue his bloodline, though he had no desire to sacrifice his manhood to an ooman either.

Still, he wanted to trust her. Dumala closed his eyes, and let her do with him whatever she wished. With him no longer staring at her with dangerous-looking orange eyes, Nicole felt more at ease. She started out by clumsily cupping his groin in her palm like a silly virgin. She was glad he didn't have his eyes open to see the goofy smile that spread to her lips.

Though his body tensed at first, he quickly relaxed and was eager for more. Nicole fumbled to untie the black cloth wrap that concealed him. His cock didn't look too much different from a humans-just bigger, and he was only half hard. She wrapped her hand around it as it grew in size. She stroked it gently at first, but the firmer it got, the more she realized that she was going to need to use two hands.

Her fingers didn't even come close to meeting, but she made tight rings with her index fingers and thumbs as she worked them up and down his shaft. Dumala was exhaling loudly and grunting, so she took that he was enjoying it. She varied between both hands moving up and down at the same time, or moving at opposite directions. She changed up the speed as well, trying to figure out what he liked. She even lightly fondled his testicles every so often.

Dumala had never received such attention. It wasn't unheard of for a yautja female to use her hands on a male, but it certainly wasn't common. The way the ooman was doing it, he couldn't understand why not. When she started making gentle twisting motions, Dumala

groaned with pleasure. Yautjas didn't produce the same precum that humans did, but they did have small pores on each side of their penises that slicked things up.

As her thumb ran over the ridge where the top of his cock met the shaft, her hands were lubricated with his male juices, a sort of precum. His hips tipped upwards, encouraging her. With her palms slick, she could move her hands faster. She tried her best, but he had a lot of stamina, and her hands were cramping up. So she bent down, so very tempted to taste him.

As soon as her tongue slid up the length of his shaft, Dumala came unglued. His muscles jerked and he sprang out of bed with a heaving chest. As she considered the tangy flavor left in her mouth, Dumala snarled at her. Blowjob seemed completely out of the question unfortunately.

Nicole sat back on her heels, waiting for him to calm down and get back in bed. He was rumbling like a dying engine, but after a minute he finally came back to her. He'd made big steps in letting her touch him, so she supposed that it was his turn to touch her. Nicole grabbed his wrists and thrust her palms onto her chest. She tried to encourage him to gently kneed them and then play with her nipples too.

The sensations were making her center tingle and moisten, until he got too rough. Her nipples hardened at his fingertips, but as he squeezed one she let out a sharp yelp of pain. She had to demonstrate how work his hands on them, softly rolling her nipples between his fingers. Dumala was enjoying learning how to pleasure her, until she introduced him to a little external nub between her folds. Yautja females didn't have that, and it freaked him out-which only made her upset.

Nicole used her hand on herself to show him, swirling her fingers over the swelling nub. Dumala cocked his head at her, then backed away when she tried to grab his hand. She tried for several minutes to get his fingers to rub her clit. Finally, when he didn't comply, Nicole wrapped herself in a fur pelt and harshly pointed to the door. Dumala knew what that meant-touch her in the right place or get out.

## Chapter 9

---

His claws were much too sharp to be touching such a sensitive area, but she was insisting. With a growl, he tore the grey fur pelt away from her and tossed it to the floor. Then, he placed his hand on her chest to force her to lay back. Dumala positioned himself between her legs, then grabbed her thighs and drug her closer. Her breaths were shallow, nervous and waiting for him to touch her.

He tucked his black claws away from her and began to slide the knuckles of his fingers between her folds. His hand was immediately slick with her juices and her sweet scent of arousal became heightened. With a reluctant grunt, he poked at the little nub near the top that she had been so concerned about. He tried to do what she'd show him, rubbing his knuckles over and around it. He was trying not to hurt her, but didn't realize he was being too gentle.

"Harder." She breathed.

Dumala's cock twitched up at hearing her voice beg him like that. He applied just a bit more pressure, and watched her bodies reaction. Nicole's fingers dig into the pelts under her and she wrapped her legs tightly around his hips. Every movement had sparks going off in her body. She rocked her hips against his hand, adding to the pleasure.

He had been reluctant to touch that part of her anatomy. But now, seeing that it was such a powerful erogenous zone, he didn't think he'd ever leave it out again. Her scent made him crave her, made him starve to have her. She softly moaned and pleaded with him, and his cock grew painfully hard. Finally, she reached her hands down to block his.

Panting, she said, "Too much."

Dumala felt proud that he could give her pleasure without even penetrating her. He moved his hands away, but his fingers were still slick with her nectar. Dumala crawled over her, making her feel so small in comparison. For their hips to be aligned, she was staring at his chest instead of his eyes. It wasn't very romantic, but she wrapped her arms around his back, and brought him closer. She closed her eyes as she felt the tip of him brush her entrance.

His muscles coiled and tightened, trying to hold himself back. She was too small. He felt like he was about to try and breed a child. After touching her sex, he was sure that he wasn't going to fit. Her walls would tear, and it would cause her pain.

He was tempted to test it anyway, and sensually rubbed the head of his cock at her soft entrance. He was pretty sure they Oomans gave birth as yautja females did, and so their walls had to be stretchy. He slowly pushed, feeling the resistance. Her arms tightened around him, nails staring to dig in. He didn't want to hurt her.

Dumala backed away, and looked down into her bronze-green eyes. She understood their dilemma. Nicole sighed, and looped her arms around his neck. His body hardly tensed as her hands slid past his dreds. Neither of them seemed like they wanted to move from their current position.



Eventually, Dumala grew curious though and got out of bed to put his wrist controls on. He sat back on the fur pelts then and tapped the buttons as she watched. He looked up the ooman English language. Once he found the word he was looking for, he rehearsed it in his head to a second.

He pointed to the scar across her belly, "How?"

He was prepared to have to look up her alien words, but instead, she shook her head. A gesture was not something he could easily look up. He growled. She crossed her arms. When he poked at her mouth, she leaned away but seemed to get his meaning.

"I don't want to talk about it."

He had to look up every word and try to piece her sentence together, and then the answer was disappointing. He let out a growl, but she just sat up and kissed him. He was getting better with her kisses, and slowly spread his mandibles so that she could reach his mouth. He instantly loved the feel of her fleshy tongue in his mouth, so he decided to try to do it to her. His long, snake-like tongue reached past her teeth but then he really didn't know what to do with his tongue.

Nicole moaned at the slightly spicy taste to his tongue, and that seemed to encourage him. His tongue explored every inch of her mouth and she was loving it. She held him loosely around his neck and dared to squeeze one of his dreds. His body tensed, then shuddered. He let out a rumble, and she thought he was upset with her.

Instead, his powerful arms wrapped around her back and held her closer, so she continued to touch and squeeze his dreds. His skin was getting hotter by the second the more she manhandled his fleshy hair. When his long tongue hit the back of her throat though, she gagged. He quickly flexed his mandibles away from her skin to make sure the tusks didn't scratch her. He timed his head as she leaned away to cough and clear her throat.

He looked down at his wrist controls for a moment and then asked, "Hurt?"

It took Nicole a moment to realize that it was a question, since he didn't put the same inflection on it that a human would, "No, I'm fine."

She waited for him to translate the words, then as soon as he looked back up, she grabbed for his dreds. She was finally learning that they were a sort of erogenous zone for him, and that's why he was afraid she'd damage them earlier. She was gentle with them, but fisted her hands around several strands and squeezed. Dumala's purrs turned into deep, revving hums and she could smell the strong musk coming off of him again. His mouth covered hers, and he slowly leaned her back into the silky furs.

Her legs wrapped around his hips, urging him closer. Her hands were in his sensitive hair, coaxing him to breed her. Her eyes were just the slightest bit dilated, meaning that she was willingly taking in his musk and eager to mate. His cock was throbbing, aching to be buried in her center. Dumala couldn't hold out any longer.

He growled with satisfaction as he urged his cock inside her tight channel. Nicole made a painful gasp, and arched her back as she shoved at his shoulder. He thrust his cock further into her tight heat, feeling more resistance than he'd even expected. She whined and clamped

her legs tight on his hips, trying to keep him from going further. Her passage was softer than the yautja females, tighter, and the best thing he'd ever felt.

Nicole was in pain though, and begged, "Stop."

A refusal from a female was absolute. Nicole whimpered as he slid out of her. She cringed as her fingers felt between her legs and came back with a bit of blood. She was small, even for an ooman, and he was considered well hung even for his species. He purred to calm her, but she did but seem angry at him for it.

Instead, she said, "I can still try to please you."

He was reluctant to make her use her hands on him, and he certainly didn't want her mouth anywhere near his groin still. When he declined though, she insisted on something else. Nicole had him lay on his stomach, then she began to massage him. She slid her hands up the sides of his spine. She kneaded his muscles, from his feet to his neck, until all off his tension was released.

When her hands were cramping up, she laid on top of his warm body, "Did you like that?"

He didn't bother to move, to translate her words. He gave a soft purr though, and she figured that answered her question anyway.

When Dumala went back home, he couldn't stop thinking about her kisses, the massages, all of it. He decided that there had to be a better way to approach mating. Painkillers would dull pleasure, but maybe lubricant would be enough to ease his way inside her. Dumala started looking around his house for something that could safely be used as a lubricant, but got sidetracked. His drawers, shelves, storage bins, and even his floors were covered with electronic parts and pieces.

He could easily make a translator for her out of what he had. He had the skill and the equipment needed. Then, he'd just need to download her language into it and program it right. It was a small and delicate piece of programming though, and would take a few days for him to finish. As he got to work, Dumala realized that he could probably have it completed before the formal banquet was held.

## Chapter 10

---

The banquet was supposed to be composed of only the finest warriors, but in years past he remembered that some had brought their mates or pups with them. He wanted to bring Nicole. It was against their etiquette to bring her, but not the rules. If someone felt disrespected by her presence though, there would be trouble. For several cycles, Dumala had avoided confrontations and ducked out of challenges.

Nichole jogged just behind the other humans, which was three girls and one guy, listening to their conversations. The track was indoors, just a wobbly loop with several curves and turns. For exercise, most of the escorts were made to run track, though Nicole had never seen any yautja females run with them. The groups were naturally segregated by species, though Nicole didn't feel very welcome in the human group.

The boy had a strange accent, but could speak English. One of the lighter-skinned girls could speak English, yautja, as well as the other language the taller female spoke. The third darker-skinned girl didn't speak English and her words couldn't be translated so far, but she was still more a part of the group than Nicole was. When they talked about soreness and bite marks, Nicole talked about how interesting Dumala was. She supposed they were just jealous maybe, so Nicole tried to talk about other topics, but they still didn't like her.

The amber-eyes yautja female came in, and one of the girls said, "Uh oh, here comes Me'cre."

Nicole picked up her pace with the others and averted her eyes, but of course, the owner had to say her name, "Ooman Nicole. A customer requests your company."

The other humans sighed and huffed with annoyance before one spoke up, "Sure, she's the one that gets out of having to excersize."

Nicole wiped the sweat off her forehead as she walked over, then Me'cre led her from the room. She was quickly washed, shaved, dressed, adorned in jewelry, and then ushered to one of the small rooms. As the door slid open, her heart began to pound. The more she came to like Dumala, the more afraid she was that she'd get put in a room with some other yautja. The amber-eyed female roughly shoved her inside and shut the door.

Her lips burst into a smile at seeing Dumala, and her stomach fluttered with nervousness. He looked stunning the way he was dressed, as well as menacing. White-gold armor covered his shoulders, and his shins. The black metal bands in his hair looked like they had been polished. And, he smelled like cinnamon again.

He stomped forward, eager to see her, and rattled, "Dinner."

Any other yautja looking down at her and saying "dinner" would have made her pee her pants. With Dumala though, she knew better, "We're going to dinner? I was wondering why I was dressed this time."

"Sei-i... dinner." he pushed her towards the door.

It had been months since Nicole had seen real sunlight. She squinted and covered her eyes as they stepped out of the building and onto the streets. When she had first been brought to the planet, the spaceships, ominous buildings, odd creatures, and so many yautjas had scared her. Standing at Dumala's side now though, she found it beautiful. The air was warm, the sky was a romantic yellow-gold.

Dumala walked her to his house first. It was only a few minutes away from the brothel, which was another reason that the business had become so addictive for him. He grabbed the injection gun for the translator as she looked around his house. It wasn't supposed to hurt, but for a delicate ooman it might cause pain. He lifted the needle up for her to see, so that she'd know his intentions.

Her green eyes went wide, but she didn't back away from him. Dumala lifted her hair away and pressed the gun at the base of her skull. She only made a little squeak as he pulled the trigger. He put away the medical tool then came back to see if the translator worked. It was a complicated piece of equipment.

He spoke in yautja, "Say something for me."

"What do you want me to say?"

Dumala trilled, "That sentence was enough. You can understand and speak yautja with the translator I just placed."

"Oh." Her fingers went to the back of her neck, but she couldn't feel a thing, and she smiled up at him.

Then, he produced a gift that he'd gotten for her. He clasped it around her slender neck. It was a simple strand of thin leather, with small vertebrae on each side of a small pendant. The vertebrae segments had his symbol etched into them. And the teal pendant was infused with his scent, marking her as his and only his.

Usually a mating musk would make it apparent who she was with, but until he could join with her, he wanted everyone to know she was his. The yautja female had assured him that no one would be allowed to mate with Nicole as long as he continued to pay. He didn't want her being forced to copulate at the brothel. However, the banquet was a different matter. Yautjas tended to have many mates, and any male could choose to court her.

With the translator working and his scent around her, they were ready to go to dinner. They took a small ship over to the banquet hall. They were a bit early, and everyone was mingling around the room instead of taking their seats. Everyone was staring at the ooman, but most were just amused at seeing her there. One warrior was not so pleasant though.

He was dressed in regal armor that had symbols and words etched onto every surface. From across the room, he finally saw what everyone was crowding around. His mandibles flared and he pushed past everyone else to get close to the ooman. He was too close in Dumala's opinion. The warrior took one good look at her, and his mandibles flared wider.

"I see no mark on her; she is no warrior!"

Nicole pressed herself into his side as he responded, "It isn't against the rules to bring company."

“She is prey! Unless you wish for us to hunt her for desert then she should leave!”

“She stays.” Dumala said hesitantly.

The warrior stepped closer to Nicole, “You mate this pathetic thing?”

“She is not my mate yet, but she will be.” He could sense her fear, so he combed his claws through her hair once to sooth her.

The warrior addressed Nicole now, “This former warrior is your owner?”

She shook her head and said, “No.”

“Who do I talk to then, to have you euthanized? Your not a warrior. Your too weak to be a good mate. Your only purpose is prey!”

Nicole backed away from him, trying to cower behind Dumala, “Me’cre owns me.”

The warrior let out a fierce growl, turning to Dumala, “You brought a prostitute to a formal dinner? You bring dishonor on yourself, and everyone here. You don’t deserve the title of ‘warrior’ anymore.”

Dumala turned, holding Nicole close to him, and headed for the door. He did not fight hunt or fight anymore. He did not step up to challenges. Dumala was at the warrior’s same skill level, but Dumala didn’t think he could beat him. He tried not to walk quickly, as though he was retreating, but that just made the warrior angrier.

Before they reached the door, the warrior gave Nicole a shove, “Hurry up and get out of my sight!”

It was probably only a small push for a yautja, but Nicole was small. She let out a squawk as she tripped forward and landed on her hands and knees. She scrambled up quickly, but Dumala’s heart began to pound. He whirled around, sizing the warrior up as his mandibles flared with rage. He stepped forward, and everything sort of blacked out for a few moments, his body seething with anger.

Other yautjas bustled around to watch the fight, bumping into Nicole, so she shrank back against a wall. She’d never seen a yautja so fierce. Dumala took blows without reacting with pain, or even backing away. He slammed his fists into every inch of the warrior, holding him up by his armor when the warrior seemed close to collapsing. His body became sprinkled with the the males blood.

When he thought that the warrior had finally had enough, he let out a dark growl and let his body slump to the floor. Nicole could hardly see, but was sure that the warrior was still breathing. Dumala turned to her then, and she took an involuntary step away. His chest was heaving and his hands were still in tight fists as he came to stand in front of her. That angry, he looked demented.

He brushed his thumb down her cheek, and rumbled, “No one hurts you.”

Nicole gulped. Dumala was serious; she wasn’t even the least bit harmed from that shove. If she had been, she had a feeling he would have killed the warrior. Dumala put his hand behind her back to lead her to the bathroom facilities so that he could wash off all the blood. No one dared comment that she was in a male facility.

Dumala's fists were somewhat swollen, but the blood was gone and they went to the table to take their seats. Dumala had planned on having Nicole sit on his lap at the diner, as to not take up any seats. The warrior did not return though, and no one else challenged him. So, he lifted Nicole into the seat beside him. With Dumala protecting her, she was equal among the great hunters.

## Chapter 11

---

Nicole tried to focus on everyone else. She didn't want to look stupid or make some mistake, but all the yautjas seemed to be staring at her, waiting for her to eat. Yautjas used some utensils, but not the fork knife spoon combo she was used to. She tried to look over at Dumala for help, but he was talking way more than he was eating. The last of the meal was served on trays by lower yautjas.

The hostess had been lingering in the kitchen and around the table to supervise the servers, but now walked by to take her seat. She was a stunning female, her body very stripped. Her yellow eyes settled on Nicole, and Dumala abandoned his conversation when she said, "So this is the ooman. She's smaller than I imagined."

Nicole didn't know what to say, but didn't want to feel like she was ignoring the woman, "Hello."

"This banquet is in honor of our gods, Cetanu and Paya, and meant to be enjoyed by only the most esteem warriors who have made the gods proud. Are our deities important to you, ooman?"

Her heart just about stopped and she was sure her face went white. Her mind said to lie, but she admitted, "No."

The entire room seemed to burst into clicks and rumbles and the female said, "You are not a warrior, and our gods are not important to you. Why are you here?"

Dumala finally spoke up, "I wanted her at my side, so she is here."

"Dumala, you willingly abandoned your clan and no one has heard from you in many cycles. I didn't expect to see you at my table, though I always make sure to send an invitation. I did not think anyone could get you out of hiding-but this ooman is responsible?"

"Yes; I wouldn't have come if she wasn't allowed here."

The female raised her voice, making Nicole jump, "This ooman is my guest, and anyone who disrespects her will have to talk to me!"

The female gave a subtle trill in Dumala's direction, making Nicole think that she liked him, then proceeded to her seat. Now, everyone really began to dig into the food. There was tons of conversation, and it surprised her how much grown yautja males actually gossiped. They didn't exclude her from their conversations either. They curiously asked her questions about Earth, and she was happy to answer every little question.

The dinner was going better than he expected. Many of them were warming up to Nicole. The only incident was when Nicole went to take a drink and one of the warriors made a comment about her necklace smelling of mating musk. She swallowed some water down the wrong pipe and Dumala was panicked that she was choking.

Once she ensured them all that she was fine though, she gave Dumala a stern look. He was going to have to explain the necklace to her later. To distract her sudden anger, Dumala dipped a piece of meat in sauce and offered it to her mouth. Yautjas were protective over their belongings, including food on their plates, and sharing was a very big gesture. Nicole didn't know that, but she certainly noticed that everyone had begun staring at her again.

When the banquet was over, they took a ride back to Dumala's house. It was nearing the time he'd promised Me'cre that he'd have her back though, so they started walking back to the brothel. The sky was still a gorgeous yellow-gold. Nicole pressed close to his side, occasionally bumping against him as they walked.

She just had to ask about the necklace though, "So I smell... like sex to them?"

"You smell specifically of my musk, which appears when I am aroused. It has a subtle drug-like effect on females. When my seed dispenses inside a female, it makes them smell of my musk for a time. I integrated the musk into the necklace."

"And why would you do that?"

"I touch you, enjoy your body. You are mine. The fact that we haven't successfully mated is just a small technicality."

"So? Why does everyone else have to know that?"

"A males ability to impress and mate females is important. It raises my status."

"So you put this necklace on me to gloat?"

He clicked his tucks and glanced down at her, "Does that upset you?"

She crossed her arms in front of her, but didn't answer. They walked the rest of the way in silence, and it wasn't until they reached the brothel that she finally said, "You kicked that guys ass."

Dumala puffed up his chest some, "He touched you, a female."

"He didn't hurt me-but that was very hot."

He cocked his head, thinking that the translator needed a little adjustment, "Hot?"

"Yea, hot... meaning sexy."

He let out a lusty purr before picking her up and prompted her for a kiss. They stumbled into the brothel, their mouths still connected. The owner was there waiting for him to return Nicole. However, Dumala extended his palm to her and she stamped it with an ink number. Dumala carried her to the room and they fooled around like usual.

When she grew tired, Nicole laid on his chest, his breaths making her slowly lift and drop above him. Her fingers twirled around the end of one of his dreds as his purrs vibrated through her. Occasionally, as she zoned in and out, she placed soft kisses on his reptilian skin and he caressed her. When his fingers started tracing her scars though, it made her uncomfortable. She wiggled and pushed his hand away.

He cocked his head at her, "You don't like me touching you?"



“Just not there.”

He rumbled with confusion, “They are sensitive?”

“No.” She pouted.

He brushed his claws on the crook of her elbow, where one of her scars was very blue, “Your marks are beautiful. Yautjas wear their scars with pride. They show bravery and skill in a hunt.”

She shook her head, “Wouldn’t it be more impressive if you could hunt and not gain any scars? Scars show failure.”

“If your opponent is worthy, then scars are inevitable. Facing fiercer prey is more impressive, and scars show that triumph.”

“Well I didn’t fight anyone for my scars.”

“That doesn’t make them ugly. How did you get them?”

She shook her head, and tried the subject, “Why don’t you have any scars like the other warriors?”

He huffed, “My body became a patchwork of scars. I was showing off scars all the way back from my chiva. So, I decided to erase the scars and only boast the ones I’d earned each new cycle... but then I gave up hunting, so I have no scars now.”

“You have one.” She slid her hand up his arm and moved his fingers so that she could see the symbol branded on his palm.

Dumala shook her fingers away and his fingers curled into a fist to hide the mark.

“What is that symbol?”

His voice was quiet, “It is a name.”

“Who’s?”

“One of my former mates. She is dead.”

“Oh... I’m sorry... How did she die?”

Dumala was silent.

“I’ll tell you how I got my scars if you tell me.”

Dumala let out a loud exhale, “That would be too easy. Why don’t we play a game instead?”

She sat up, straddling him, “What sort of game?”

“I will torture and interrogate you until you give in and tell me how you gained your scars. If you do not give in, then I will tell you how she died.”

Nicole swallowed thickly, “Torture?”

“Do you agree?”

“Ok.”

Dumala lifted Nicole off of him, then he swept himself out of the room. When he returned, he had a new number on his palm. He rumbled and gestured for her to follow him. Nicole climbed out of the bed and he led her through the corridors to a room she’d never been in. He ushered her inside, and her eyes went impossibly wide.

It was dungeon, with torture equipment of sorts. There was a bed in the corner, but it was not the main feature. There were chains hanging from the walls, and cages hanging from the ceiling. There was a dresser filled with tools, toys, and other equipment. Strange furniture filled the room, each making for a different position, and providing restraints.

Her body shook with a pleased tremor, “Your kidding, right?”

The lights began to dim until everything went black, only flashing a dull orange glow every few seconds. Nicole stood perfectly still, unable to see. Dumala’s species could see better in the dark though, and he began to circle her like prey. He pulled one of the strings keeping her top on, and she whirled around. Her heart was beating faster, but it was all part of the fun.

He let out an airy clicking as he plucked up another string on her top and pulled. She gasped as her top was untied, and quickly hugged the loose fabric to her breasts. She felt more insecure in the dark knowing that he could see her, but she couldn’t see him. His nails lightly brushed down her spine, making her shiver. When she turned and tried to reach out to him, her fingers grasped at nothing but empty air, but his musk was all around her.

## Chapter 12

---

He clicked and rumbled in the dark as Nicole tried to reach him. She stumbled forward, feeling the strange furniture as she maneuvered blindly. She knew she was getting close when she started to feel the heat radiating off his body. When she stepped closer, he stepped away, baiting her. Finally, her fingers met his reptilian skin and she molded her body against him.

Dumala tore her away and roughly pressed her down against the floor with a growl. Her chest was heaving as he began to secure straps around her hips and one ankle. When he leaned away, her body started to lift into the air. She lightly swung back and forth in the dark. She was suspended in front of Dumala from a simple tripod, vulnerable, and easy to tease.

She was completely disarmed, but her body was alive with the scent of his heady musk and that hint of cinnamon. Every touch in the dark had her heart soaring. He slid his nails down her skin, touched her nipples as they hardened, and pressed his erection to her body. Her hands were free, and she clumsily stroked his cock as he bit her inner thigh. She squirmed and shrieked as his teeth dug in, but it felt great-or maybe it was just all the blood rushing to her head.

After a minute, she had to say, "I'm dizzy."

Dumala let out a hoarse chuckle, and she was gently lowered to the ground. He gave her a minute to sit, but as soon as she stood up, he grabbed her by the hair and reeled her in. She could feel his breath in her ear, then his teeth skimmed her throat. He grunted and shoved her then, making her walk and leading her by her hair. He butted her up against a wall, pressing his erection against her soft skin.

He lifted her arm, and she felt the cold metal clasp around her wrist. She struggled, testing the restraint and chains clattered in her ears. He secured her other wrist above her head, then her ankles were shackled as well, were legs spread. He grabbed her hair again, his claws lightly dragging against her scalp. He forced his mouth over hers, stealing her breath for just a few moments.

He sensuality rubbed his body against her, making her writhe and squirm, desperate for more but unable to reach out and touch him. He slid down, and she felt claws parting her lips. With nothing but pitch black to look down at, she felt a hot breath float over her sex. She jerked the chains as she felt something long and slender wiggle its way unto her cunt. Breathless, she realized that it must have been his tongue. He'd never done that before.

"Ohhh, please, more!"

His tongue left her body, flicking at her clit for just a moment, and then the sensations were gone. She was being tortured, and he wasn't even nearly done with her. He left her for a moment, the heat from his body gone. When he returned, his mouth claimed her nipple. She moaned and it hardened in his mouth. Then, he tied something around the bud, cutting off blood flow. He did the same with her other nipple.

Now, when he groped her breasts, or touched her pink buds, the sensations were stronger, her nipples more sensitive. Nicole chewed on her lower lip as he began to lick and nibble her breasts. He placed one hand on her stomach to hold her still, and then his fingers began to play with her sex. He did as she had instructed, rubbing and flicking his fingers over the swollen little button. He was holding her hips still for what he planned on doing next.

The pleasure was making her legs tense and her toes curl. She arched her back against the wall, trying not to give him the satisfaction of a pleased moan. She had taught him to well, and now he was using it against her. His fingers began slick with her arousal, and her scent was never so sweet. His fingers finally abandoned her clit, and he carefully slid a finger inside her passage, careful not to scratch her soft walls.

He wiggled his finger inside her, trying to elicit more moans, but she had not taught him any technique for this yet. He slid two fingers inside her, and she mumbled incoherently. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was hanging open. He started gently at first, bringing his fingers in and out of her channel slowly. When that didn't make her squirm though, he picked up his pace.

"Mmm, ohhhh."

The faster he went, the less she seemed able to pronounce any words, so he figured that was a good thing. He quickly found that he didn't even need to penetrate her very deeply. He bent his fingers just at his first knuckle, pressing and rubbing the insides of her walls and she began to sweat. She acted like a yautja female in the way that she became more aggressive the closer to an orgasm she was. Nicole harshly jerked the chains that held her, struggling to get free even though she knew it would be impossible.

She moaned and panted, her climax just about to rush through her body. However, when he felt her body tense, Dumala removed his hands. She whimpered. It was such a tender noise that he almost felt compelled to finish her, and give her pleasure. Instead, he denied her an orgasm.

Again and again, he denied her. He teased and bit her. He groped and caressed her. He brought her close to the edge every time and then stopped. She mewed begging noises and pleas, but he tortured her.

"How did you get your scars?" He growled.

"Bite me."

He took that literally, his teeth nipping at her stomach before moving up and sinking into her shoulder. Her shriek quickly turned into a moan. Even his bites were starting to ignite her body on fire. Her body ached to be used. Dumala undid her shackles, then picked her up into the air.

He thrust her onto a different piece of equipment, a long padded board under her stomach. He secured her arms and legs on a sawhorse-type of furniture, her sex still available to him. He teased her a few moments, touching her body in the dark, and then he tried three fingers on her. He was rough, but still gentle, as he thrust three fingers into her moist channel. Her sheath was tight around his digits, but gently stretching to his will.

As he worked three fingers in and out of her passage, he could hardly tell if her noises were pained or pleased anymore-but she did not tell him to stop. If she was eBay going to take on his cock, she needed to get used to a little stretching. The pain would only add to the pleasure. He rubbed his thumb over her clit as his fingers invaded her warm depths, and that really set her on fire. Restrained on the sawhorse, she tried to wiggle her hips against his hand, desperate for release.

Finally, she whined, and then said, "I give in, I'll tell you."

Dumala rumbled with satisfaction, and undid the restraints. He made the lights brighten and he led her to the bed while her eyes adjusted. She gasped when he took the loops off her nipples and the blood flowed back to them. They would likely be sensitive for the next few hours. He made her lay down and he rubbed her nipples between his fingers.

When her whys fluttered closed, he lowered his mouth to her sex and played his tongue around her clit. When her hips started to gently grind against his face, he pushed two, then three fingers inside her. He rubbed them inside her, and thrust them in and out until her walls clenched tightly around his fingers. Her body shuddered, then she slumped into the furs. He purred deeper, knowing he'd brought her climax.

Dumala laid beside her and traced the long scar across her abdomen, "How did you get the scars?"

Nicole cuddled up against him, and murmured, "Oomans tend to overreact at times... I was at a party, drinking a little. My boyfriend had a bit too much to drink and we got in an argument. We hadn't been together long, but when he dumped me, I got upset and wanted to leave. I got in my car and started driving, too fast, and I knew it then too but I didn't slow down."

When she went quiet, Dumala poked her arm, "You crashed?"

"Yea I crashed. I went right off a bridge. Everyone tried to call it a suicide attempt but it wasn't, I was just being stupid. Now I have these ugly scars forever." She was quiet for a moment, but then asked, "I know I lost, but will you tell me how your mate died anyway?"

Dumala didn't answer. He always tried to keep his mind away from thoughts of her, his former mate, Vett. He'd had many mates in the past, but had only loved one. The ooman was nothing like Vett, but he was coming to love her too. His chest felt tight with anguish, and Dumala quickly dropped his hands away from Nicole and he left the room without another word.

He began to walk back home, distracting his thoughts with Nicole's story about how she'd gotten her scars. She had been drinking. He had not been allowed to drink in his former clan, but this one seemed to allow every sin. From the brothel then, Dumala headed to a bar. A drink was just what he needed to clear his head of bad memories.

## Chapter 13

---

His mate had been pregnant when she died. A fight broke out in the street between two males, and weapons were drawn. When Vett saw that a young pup was caught in the middle of it, she went to go protect the pup. The child wasn't hers. Both males were enraged and blind to what was going on around them.

She got caught caught in the crossfire and died to save the pup. Dumala hadn't been there or he would have protected her, or killed the males responsible. He returned from a hunt and was told that she had passed. He became violent for a time with his other mates, until they left him. After that, he stopped hunting, stopped living. He left his clan, trying to escape what he used to be-a renowned warrior.

He wasn't a warrior anymore, wasn't even a hunter. A yautja male that didn't hunt was useless in their society. Dumala drank down C'ntlip, an intoxicating beverage similar to alcohol, and began to ramble to the other yautjas in the bar. He didn't drink often, and the other males seemed like they drank every day. While Dumala became unstable in his seat, the other males kept slamming down drinks.

He couldn't stop talking about Nicole, and the denizens quickly got tired of it. They steered him out the door and told him to go home. He began walking back home, but his thoughts were on Nicole. When he got in the building, he looked around and realized that he was back at the brothel. It had been many hours and Nicole was likely asleep.

The owner with the amber eyes walked up front and found him leaning against the counter, "Back so soon?"

He grunted, "Need room."

She tipped her chin up at him, "You've been drinking and your judgement is impaired right now. Come back in the morning."

"Naw. I want to see Nicole."

"I can set you up with a yautja female."

"I only want to see the ooman."

"She is asleep."

"Wake her up then."

The female squared herself in front of him, fully ready for a struggle, "Dumala, you'll kill her."

"Naw."

She hoped that the price would deter him, "If your going to see her in this condition, you'll have to pay her full replacement deposit. If you don't kill her, you'll get your money back."

"Sure."

The female hesitated, “Are you certain that you don’t want to see a yautja female, a sturdier species?”

He held out his arm and the female flipped his hand over to stamp his palm. When he started going in the wrong direction, she pointed down the other hall. He huffed and headed the right way. Nicole was brought to him and he wrapped his burly arms around her immediately. She yawned and rested her head on his muscular arm.

Dumala lifted her up and fell into the bed over her. Her eyes were half closed, and she looked up at him sleepily. Dumala nuzzled her neck and his chest vibrated with a purr. When his fingers traveled down her body, she shoved them away. He reached for her hips, and accidentally scratched her.

She sucked in a pained breath, and shoved his hands away, “Dumala, I’m tired, what’s with you?”

He slurred, “C’ntlip.”

Nicole furled her brows, “Did you just say catnip?”

“C’ntlip.”

It still sounded like ‘catnip’ to her, but she could smell something on his breath and realized that he’d been drinking. Her heart started to race as his face lowered to hers and one of his tusks almost skimmed her eye. She wiggled away, but his body pressed down on her to prevent an escape. She could hardly breathe. Her eyes watered as his nails dug into her legs as he tried to part them.

Nicole pounded her fists into his shoulders, “How could you? I tell you that drinking was what caused my accident and then you go and get yourself drunk?”

Dumala didn’t listen to the words, he just heard her sweet voice, and felt her soft body beneath him. He hummed a soft purr and nuzzled his face between her breasts. Nicole’s cheeks flushed red with embarrassment, and she gave him a rough shove. Dumala straightened up at the wrong time and flopped off the end of the bed. When she peeked over the edge of the bed, his hand grabbed her wrist to tug her down to him.

Nicole thrashed and struggled in his grip, “Let go of me Dumala!”

He hugged her to his body, her ribs painfully crushed against him.

She grabbed his hair, squeezing lightly, “Let me go!”

He didn’t perceive the threat, but his arms went slack, enjoying her hands on him. Nicole took the opportunity to slip away and ran to the door. It didn’t open to her though, as she didn’t have the key. Dumala’s arms wrapped around her torso as he bumped his pelvis up against her ass suggestively. She pried at his fingers.

He carried her back to the bed, but when she slipped away, he grabbed for her. His firm grips were leaving bruises and his nails were slicing her skin. When she struggled and kicked at him then, his elbow bashed into her face. Pain jolted through her jaw, and Nicole dropped to her knees. Dumala tilted his head at her.

She hovered her hands over her jaw, and warm tears ran down her cheeks. Nicole opened her mouth to speak, but crushing pain prevented anything but a whine. Dumala staggered forward, knowing something was wrong with her. She turned away from him, then jerked the necklace off from around her neck and threw it at him. He tried to touch her but she pointed at the door.

Dumala let out a soft rattle, but obeyed. He assumed that she was tired and not in the mood to play. He fumbled with the door for a second and then wandered through the corridors until he found the front of the building. He bobbed his head at the female and tried to leave. The door didn't budge.

He turned around, "Your door is broken."

"You haven't paid." She hissed.

"Oh." He put his hand on the scanner but it didn't register.

"Is she alive?"

"Course." He drawled.

"Any damage?"

"None."

"Stay here. I will go and check."

Any other time, the female insisting to go check on the ooman to make she he want lying would be seen as disrespectful.

With C'ntlip clouding his mind though, Dumala merely huffed, and plopped himself down on the floor to wait.

The yautja female rushed through the door and quickly found Nicole sitting on the floor, "Can you stand?"

Nicole nodded slowly and stood up. The yautja female growled as her eyes looked her over. She lightly grabbed Nicole's arm and drug her to the medical bay. The female started applying healing salve to her bruises first then scanned her body and found broken bone. The enzyme cream would not heal bone very well. Nicole had to be placed in a machine to be healed, and then the yautja female took her back to her cell.

Dumala perked up when the owner returned, and scrambled up to pay.

"She is alive, but you broke her jaw. The deposit will be refunded."

"She is hurt?"

"She is healed now. Pay and leave."

Dumala stared down the corridors, "Let me see her."

The female stepped forward and shoved his shoulders, "Pay and leave."

With the female hovering in his face, Dumala placed his hand on the tablet to pay. Then, he walked out the door. His mind was still catching up with what he'd done. The owner had



said that Nicole's jaw had been broke. Dumala tried to enter the brothel again, but the door was locked. He had nothing else to do but walk back home.

He went to bed and didn't wake up until late in the morning the next day. He was groggy at first, and laying on the floor beside his bed. Immediately though, he felt the guilt of what he'd done. Dumala jumped up and jogged to the brothel. The yautja female did not look pleased to see him.

The female stamped his hand, but said, "She does not want to see you."

He found the room with the appropriate number, but it was not the usual accommodations. The number matched her personal cell, and Dumala stepped inside. Nicole glared at him, and he could see the distrust in her eyes. He walked up to her and cupped her face in his hands. She jerked her face away and he let her go lest his nails scratch her.

"Go away." She pleaded.

"I am sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. Memories of my passed mate still pain me, and I just drank a little bit."

"That's no excuse."

He started to purr like an engine in an attempt to calm her, "Are oomans forgiving?"

"I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to see you right now. Just go away."

Dumala left, and went back home. He tried to work on a project to occupy his time, but he just didn't feel up to it. He worried that Nichole wouldn't ever trust him again, wouldn't like him ever again. He needed to prove his worth. Dumala decided to do what he always had done in the past when a female was angry at him-disappear for a while on a hunt.

## Chapter 14

---

They were grudgingly jogging in circles again, and Me'cre was watching all of them like a deadly statue. It had been days, and still Dumala did not return. Nicole felt like her insides were torn and her heart didn't beat as strongly without him. The amber-eyed yautja female was imposing, but Nicole needed to talk to her. She fell out of formation and walked right up to her, having to lean back her head to look her in the eyes. She felt the other alien and human eyes boring into the back of her head.

Growing increasingly nervous, she really couldn't come up with anything smart to say, "Dumala still hasn't come back."

"I am aware, now get back in line." The female didn't even look down at her.

"Please, can you send him message or something?"

She slowly glanced down at Nicole, "Why would I waste my time with it?"

"What if he never comes back?"

"He is still paying for you not to be touched. He will likely return."

"Hmm?"

The females mandibles widened some, irritated to have to explain, "He pays me not to let other males rut with you. Do not ask me why, as I don't have an answer. He likes you too much, and it is strange."

"But I told him I didn't want to see him or talk to him, and now he's been gone so long."

"He is honorable, and would listen to you. Did you say you \*never\* wanted to see him again?"

"No."

"Then he will return. Go away."

"So you won't try to contact him for me?"

The yautjas response was a low growl, and when she lurched forward, Nicole took off running. She kept in pace with the others and kept her mouth shut after that. Dumala had been coming to see her every day, even twice a day on occasion. Now that he hadn't in days, Nicole worried that something had happened to him. She worried that he was in trouble.

Dumala had never hunted oomans, but now applied himself to the task. The Sentinelese Tribe had their own island just off India and were highly known throughout history for their hostility towards outsiders. He could stalk them without worrying about exposing himself to more advanced ooman technology and cameras. One single ooman spotted him in the dense jungle brush. After that, the entire tribe was on edge.

Nicole had kicked him out after he'd been drinking, and he knew that was for the best. She deserved to be with a high-ranked male that could procure great trophies and protect her, and recently, Dumala was the opposite. He had hurt her, and his impressive skulls had all been won in the past, to impress other females. He sought out to prove that he was worthy of Nicole's affection.

Their flatbows had an impressive 33ft range, and as he dodged those, a sleek javelin powered through his right shoulder from behind. Dumala's hands tightened on the moss covered branch he was on, not about to let himself fall to the ground. The adrenaline rushed away the pain as he began to pull the length of it out of his body. He kept the weapon as he scanned the trees, trying to pick out the tribes best warrior.

There were some good specimens among the tribe-males that looked healthy, well-fed, and could wield javelins. However, the ooman that stuck out to him the most was a young and scronny male with a simple bow. The young male was either brave or stupid. While the others cowered behind trees and shot at him, or threw javelins only when his back was turned, the young ooman stepped closer to get a better shot at Dumala. With a booming growl, he throttled the javelin at the ooman's torso.

The young male flung himself away, but as soon as soon as he regained his footing, he drew back his bow. The arrow sank into Dumala's chest. It would have pierced his heart if a yautjas skin wasn't so thick. Dumala pulled the arrow from his chest, and stared down at the ooman as he gave a bellowing roar. The young ooman did not run away, and so Dumala had his prime target picked out.

He hunted without weapons, only using the arrows and javelins they used on him. He broke bones like toothpicks and slammed bodies into trees like they were weightless. When an ooman got in the way of his target, he crushed the older males skull in his hands. The tribe never lessened their attack, and Dumala could have easily wiped the entire island population out. He resisted the temptation and killed only three of them, and collected one skull-the one of the brave young male.

Even though the other girl didn't know English, she knew how to play chess. The over-exaggerated reaction from her when one of her pieces was killed was even entertaining. Nicole rarely had downtime with the other humans. But it just so happened that they were both on their period at the same time, so Me'cre let both of them into the recreation room. There were puzzles and games, books, and comfy chairs.

Only if they had a mental breakdown, were wounded, or on their period, did they ever get to see the rec room. It was a rare treat, but then the owner stepped into the room. Her amber eyes immediately landed on Nicole, and canned out her name. The other girl said something in a different language, though Nicole knew it wasn't anything positive. The girl looked upset, but also smug that Nicole still had to see a customer even on her period.

It might have just ruined her chance to actually bond with another human, but if she was seeing a customer, she knew exactly who it would be. Nicole strode forward excitedly, receiving an evil stare when she walked beside the yautja female. Nicole bowed her head and slowed her pace so that she walked just behind the owner. They reached a door and Nicole could hardly contain herself. She bounced herself up and down on her tiptoes as the door opened, eager to see Dumala again.

She stepped inside, but her stomach immediately twisted into knots. Standing in the middle of the room was a yautja male, but it was not Dumala. His skin was very green and sparsely mottled with grey and black, and he wore a leather armband with some other clan symbol on it. He stared at her with interest. Her heart dropped, realizing that Dumala must have stopped paying, and that this customer didn't even care if she was bleeding.

When he stalked forward and reached for her, she bolted. He easily ran and caught her around the waist, then drug her against him. She whined and shoved at his hands, but otherwise did not struggle. He lifted her over to the bed, bending her stomach over the thick pelt-covered gel mattress. Her heart was racing with fear, but she merely scrunched her eyes closed.

His hands slid over her back then grabbed at her hips, and he rumbled, "You are a docile thing, aren't you?"

Nicole gulped, waiting for him to shred her clothes.

Instead, he lowered himself over her, caging her small form under his body. His chest pressed against her back as he slid his elbows onto the bed. He bumped his hips against her lightly, like he was waiting for a hostile reaction. When his dreds slid off his shoulder, landing close to her mouth, he quickly jerked his head away. Nicole hadn't even moved.

He let out a purr then, "You are harmless, aren't you? I've always been told that oomans were beautiful and violent."

The stranger seemed like he wanted to test her. He roughly grabbed her forearms to hold her pinned, then he lowered his mouth to her back. She felt his mandibles spread over her skin, then his teeth pressed to her. He bit down, his teeth gathering skin in his mouth but not breaking the surface yet. It still hurt though, and even if he released her now, the skin would likely stay red.

Even though she didn't struggle, his hands tightened around her forearms and his jaws slowly added more pressure. Her fingers dug into the furs and she cried out as his sharp teeth sank into her flesh. She could feel the line of blood as it slid down the middle of her back. It burned and ached, but she didn't dare try to buck him off of her. She ground her teeth together and dealt with the pain.

When he removed his jaws and leaned away, Nicole whimpered, but stayed bent over the bed and he seemed satisfied with her behavior. "Good girl." he cooed.

He grabbed her arm to haul her upright, but she wouldn't meet his eyes, "I think an ooman would make an appropriate gift, if only we could find one as tame as you."

With that, he hauled her out of the room and up to the front of the store where Me-cre was waiting. He jerked Nicole forward and asked, "This one was a great demonstration, are you sure you won't part with her?"

"I'm afraid I can't..." Me'cre's tusks lifted as she scented the air suspiciously. She grabbed Nicole and spun her around, finding the bite, "You were not supposed to harm her!"

The male let out a ragged purr then said, "I was under orders to test a suitable ooman."

The yautja female snarled and shoved his shoulder, initiating a challenge. She stood at least two feet over his head, her body curvy but still full of muscle and power. He purred and averted his eyes, declining any confrontation. Me'cre turned her back to him, and ushered Nicole down the corridors. Me'cre was never tender, but this time as she healed Nicole's wounds, she harshly slapped on the healing cream and sprayed off the blood with cold water.

## Chapter 15

---

When they turned the corner, Me'cre squeezed Nicole's shoulder uncomfortably tight. She squirmed in her grip until she looked up and saw Dumala at the end of the hallway. He made a soft trilling noise, and the yautja female swung Nicole around. She led her back down the maze of hallways, and Nicole drug her feet, trying to peek behind her to make sure Dumala was following. He was.

Nicole was shoved into a room, and she quickly turned around to jump into Dumala's arms, "Where the hell have you been?"

He hadn't been expecting such a reaction from her, as a yautja female would never have rushed into his arms like that. The healing arrow wounds stung with her pressed up against them, but he wouldn't admit to any weakness in her presence. Dumala wrapped his arms around her, purring lightly. It seemed that in his absence, he'd been forgiven.

He'd harmed a female though, broken her jaw. He didn't want to be forgiven so easily. Dumala loosened her arms from around him and set her on her feet. He reached behind him to grab the trophy strung on his neck, but she noticed his wounds first. Her eyes shot wide and she hovered her fingers over his abs.

"Your hurt!"

He chuffed. She made it sound like he was going to die.

"What happened?"

He flexed his muscles slightly, drawing in a breath as he puffed out his chest some, "I went on a hunt for you, to regain my honor." He brushed his knuckles across her jaw, vowing never to drink again.

There were several ugly slits in his chest, but the wound on his right shoulder had her going pale. His flesh was slightly puckered around the edges, the hole big enough to fit her fingers in. Dumala's mandibles twitched thoughtfully as he watched her make a face at his body. He left the wounds to heal naturally, so they'd scar. He presented a bloodied javelin to her, hoping to show it off.

The weapon was huge, "That's what hit your shoulder, wasn't it? What kind of alien were you fighting?"

"Ooman."

"...Humans?" Her fingers pulled back from his chest.

"Yes." He reached around to grab the trophy he'd collected, then held it out to her, "This is for you."

Nicole blinked at the smooth white human skull. It looked so small in his reptilian hand. Yautjas weren't always the sensitive type, and has no qualms about handing her a skull from

her own species. He didn't see her like other oomans; she wasn't prey. Nicole held back a grimace, but didn't take the gift.

Dumala clicked and lowered the skull closer to her hands. It was his first ooman skull, and a valuable trophy. He wanted her to take it and be his permanent mate, but her hands stayed at her sides. She was rejecting his proposal. Though he felt more inadequate than ever, Dumala swallowed his failure with pride, and strapped the skull behind his back.

A female had never rejected him, and so he wasn't sure what to say in that situation, "I will bring you something better."

As he turned to leave though, Nicole stopped him, "Your not going hunting again, are you? You just got back. You're not even healed yet."

"Must hunt."

"Your not even... not even going to give me a kiss or anything?"

Dumala quickly turned back to face her, and pressed his body close, thinking maybe that was why she wasn't being receptive. He'd tried to show off his skill and trophies without greeting her with any tenderness first. A yautja female wouldn't have really cared, but he knew better with Nicole. He wasn't sure if he was fully forgiven enough to give her a kiss, but she had asked for it. His mandibles spread and he leaned down.

As his mouth pressed to hers, Nicole hoped to change his mind about leaving to hunt again. She slid her hands over his shoulders, then around his neck. At finding the metal collar, she unclasped it, and tossed it on the bed. She slowly moved her mouth over his, moaning lightly. Nicole stroked his hair and teasingly played with the strands.

A pleased rumble drifted from his chest. The ooman was on her cycle, he could smell it, so she was just teasing him. She was going to drive him crazy with lust and make him distracted on his next hunt. He slowly pulled away from her. Any distraction could get him killed.

Nicole wouldn't let him get away that easy, "Bite me."

She swept her hair away and tilted her head, submissively exposing her neck to him. He growled playfully, the offer too much for him to ignore. He surged forward and pinned her against the wall, then bit down on her neck. Her body was warm against his skin, but his body was quickly heating with his arousal. Her flesh was so soft in his mouth, but he wouldn't break her skin.

"Harder." It hurt already, but she knew that yautjas liked to leave breeding marks and bites.

At her prompt, just the very tips of his teeth dug into her flesh. Her heart rate and breathing elevated with the pain, but her scent was turning sweeter as though it aroused her. He pulled back his mouth, but kept her pinned to the wall. Her eyes fluttered at him, full of lust. When he began to lean away, her hand reached out to grope his crotch.

He let out a growl, but she merely smiled and slid her hand under the fabric to grab his flaccid cock in her hand. He groaned at her soft touch, but it took all his strength not to get hard. If he wanted to present her with a worthy skull, he needed to hunt, and if he got hard

there would be no outlet for his lust. Nicole would prove otherwise though. She untied his loincloth, then lowered her face to his groin.

He knew then what she planned to do. His body tensed, but he did not pull away. He uttered a dark growl as she tentatively licked him. Though he resisted, his self control was not its best anymore. His cock swelled with blood, growing with need.

She stroked his shaft as she licked him, her tongue wet and warm, and the stimulation was like nothing he'd ever felt. He braced his arms against the wall, his body plagued with the ecstasy she was somehow eliciting from him. She sucked on him, nibbled even, and licked him like she enjoyed it, and that disturbed him some. Even though it felt incredible, and he did not want her to stop, he still growled at her.

She wasn't buying the threatening sounds, fully aware that he was enjoying himself. His cock twitched, surging with blood when she swirled her tongue around the head of his cock. He sharply exhaled when she cupped his balls. His body shuddered when she nibbled at the base of his shaft. She used both of her hands, doing anything and everything she could to send him over the edge.

It made her jaw ache just to open her mouth wide enough to try and take him in her mouth, but it was impossible. Instead, she slicked her hands with her saliva and his precum, and worked her hands up and down his shaft. She licked the tip of him, playing her tongue over the tangy slit. Her hands were quickly getting tired, so she jerked him more erratically. His body tensed, and he grumbled and growled, but then his body shuddered with an orgasm.

His seed erupted in her mouth, gushing out of the corners of her mouth, wasted. He expected her to spit it out, but instead, he watched her throat move as she swallowed down the thick substance. Then, she licked his cock clean, which was somewhat disturbing to him, yet incredibly arousing. He couldn't understand her behavior. Nicole wiped her mouth as she stood up and leaned against the wall proudly.

He had to ask, "Do you enjoy that?"

She shrugged, "Sort of. Mostly, it just gets me hot knowing that you're enjoying it."

He hummed softly, considering her answer.

Dumala straightened his stance, and glanced at the door. He no longer wished to leave her so soon. With her on her period though, he couldn't think of a way to repay her. Nicole knew what she wanted though, and tugged on his arm. He let himself be drug into bed ontop of her.

He nuzzled her neck and then asked, "How did you get to this planet?"

"I was kidnapped."

He trilled, "I'm glad of that, but why?"

She giggled, "I was just at the wrong place at the wrong time. I caught a yautja looming over a body. I was terrified and in awe of him... When he charged at me, I cowered. When he attacked, I didn't fight back... Now I know that since I didn't fight, he couldn't kill me, and since I'd seen him, he couldn't leave me on Earth."

"And after he kidnapped you?"



“I don’t think he knew what to do with me. I was brought to Me’cre, and she purchased me though.”

“Do you want to go back to Earth?”

She blushed some, “I did, until I met you.”

## Chapter 16

---

Dumala went on another hunt, to procure a large and impressive skull for her. He said that would be back in a week, so when she was brought into a room sooner than that, Nicole had her suspicions. It was that other male again, with green skin. She backed away from his advances. She should have told Dumala about him when she had the chance.

He circled her, “Who is the male that sees you so often without mating you? Is his name Dumala?”

“Yea.”

He backed her into a corner, “He is very interested in you.”

Nicole glared at him, not understanding why he was there or why he was asking about Dumala, but she didn’t like it.

He grabbed a length of leather chord from his belt and said, “Hold out your hands.”

She reluctantly lifted her hands, and he tied her wrist together. She lowered her eyes as he hooked a finger under the chord and pulled her forward. She didn’t know what was going to happen, but she knew it wasn’t anything good. She drug her feet as he led her to the front of the building. The amber-eyed yautja was there, with mandibles tucked close to her face.

He was leading Nicole to the door, and she panicked, “Me’cre!”

The owner looked at her, but said, “Go with him.”

Her heart caved as the stranger shoved her out of the door and walked her away from the brothel.

The trophy he had collected was from a tall beast that walked on its strong arms with its legs tucked up to its chest. Its tail provided balance and could whip around and do great damage. It used its legs to leap into the air, as well as punch out at foes and potentially knock them unconscious. It was not a sentient being, but it was not a dumb animal either. It knew when it was being hunted, and it reacted violently, but Dumala had won in the end.

He proudly returned to the brothel, only for the owner to stand in front of him with a machete in her fist. His first reaction to an angry female was to purr. Me’cre had always seemed like a level and reasonable female. He steadily continued to purr, and took off his wrist blades. He tossed it over to her, and she lowered the machete.

“Your ooman has been sold.”

Dumala stopped purring. His hands clenched into tight fists at his sides, understanding why she had the machete. “I would have paid for her!”

She tilted her hips casually, but lifted the machete blade up, “I know, but I owed a favor. I couldn’t hold onto her.”

His voice was dark as he demanded, “Who?”

“I know you will go after her, so I won’t say who it was.”

He stepped closer, growling, and her stance shifted defensively as he said, “She had a valuable translator.”

“I know that’s not what you really care about. Still, they left money to reimburse you for it. They were impressed with its quality.”

“I don’t want money. I want the translator back.”

“You would have to go see her new owner...” she understood why he insisted on getting the translator.

“I want my property back, thus you have to tell me who purchased her.”

“She was purchased for the Rekk clan, as a gift to one of the three royal sons.”

Dumala grabbed his wrist blades off the floor and left. The Rekk clan was a rival of the Secra clan that Dumala had been born into. He didn’t belong to the Secra clan any longer, but he still despised all of the Rekk clan members-and now they had Nicole. She was sweet and innocent, and his thoughts turned bitter as he wondered what a prince could want with an ooman. He growled darkly, thinking maybe if he killed a Rekk royal that his former clan might take him back.

The green-skinned yautja brought her to a different male.

H

e was apparently a prince, but he really didn’t act like it to her. He looked young, skinny for a yautja, with slightly red tinged skin. He paced around the room in boredom as Nicole sat in his bed, a pelt wrapped tightly around her as if it was her own skin. Hours passed and he hardly looked at her, until he received a message. It said a visitor was coming to speak to him about stolen property, and suddenly the prince looked to her.

“You are so docile, I’m afraid this may be a bit difficult, but I need you to look distressed.”

Nicole scowled at him, thinking he was crazy. The male suddenly lept onto the bed and yanked the pelt away. He thrust his hand around her neck, and roared until her ears rang and tears sprang to her eyes. Her chest was heaving as he intentionally scratched his nails down her chest, and her hips. Burning red lines formed in her skin, but didn’t really bleed.

Finally, Nicole slapped him and he stilled. His mandibles twitched slightly and her eyes widened with fear. She tried to scramble away from him, but he wrestled to keep her in the bed with him. Before he could do any more harm though, there was heavy pounding at the door. The prince tapped his wrist controls and Nicole turned to see Dumala step into the room.

He let a menacing growl, seeing Nicole on the bed trapped under a male.

The young male mocked him, “You really do admire this ooman, don’t you?”

“I’d like to have her back. I will purchase her from you, for any sum.”

“I have money.”

“Then I will challenge you for her.”

“Your skill is above mine, thus you cannot fight me for her.”

“I will have her.” Dumala pressed.

The male acted as though Dumala was not a threat, “Do you want to know what I plan to do with her?”

Dumala let out a low growl.

“I wish to fuck all of her holes until her skin is raw, and then hunt and kill her while she is still exhausted from the hours of use.”

Nicole trembled and went pale as she heard the words. Dumala’s eyes glanced down at her sadly, knowing that he had no leverage. He didn’t want to lose her, but to kill a prince would mark him a badblood even if the Secra clan was thrilled about the prince’s death. Money couldn’t free her, and he couldn’t challenge the male for her. He knew only one more option.

Dumala slowly lowered to his knees, showing submission and defeat, “Name any price.”

The male gathered Nicole into his lap, “I had been casually looking for an ooman servant, and this one was perfect. However, the female said that she could not be sold because of you, the lost warrior. So I saw an opportunity. I’ll happily give you back your ooman if you agree to become my sentry, a full time body guard.”

“You already have guards.”

“I find them lacking. Now, do you agree?”

“If Nicole is allowed to live in the house with me as my mate, then yes.”

“Great. You start first thing tomorrow morning.”

As soon as his grip on Nicole loosened, she twisted around to bite down on one of his dreds. The male gave a howl of pain, and Nicole let go as soon as she felt liquid enter her mouth. She scrambled away before he could retaliate, spit out his bright green blood onto the floor, and wiped her mouth. She hadn’t severed the sensitive strand, but the pain would not be subtle. If the prince left it to heal naturally, the bite mark would likely scar.

Dumala trilled, proud of Nicole. He grabbed her shoulders to steer her away from the prince and took her back to his house. Preparations had to be made, and his belongings needed to be packed. With Nicole’s help, things would go faster. He started gathering storage bins and laying them in the middle of the floor. He’d pack all of his electronic devices and junk first and have them delivered to the new residence.

As a full time body guard, he would live at the royal families house. He would eat when the prince ate, bathe when he bathed, and sleep when he slept. Other members of the sentry would be positioned as extras during delicate times, like as they slept, or during ceremonies. Still, Dumala would act as the main protector, and would be expected to wake up at night at any noises, and constantly be on high alert. He suspected that if he failed his job, Nicole’s life would be threatened.

He carelessly started stuffing delicate machine parts into the bins, knowing that he would be protecting an enemy. He was so absorbed in his grim thoughts that he had dismissed Nicole. She was on her knees, tediously trying to sort his piles of junk into different storage bins. Dumala went over, scooped her up into his arms, and carried her into his bathroom. She had shallow scratches all down the front of her body from that dishonorable male.

He gently set her down on her feet and opened the cabinet hidden in the wall where he kept his medical supplies. He came back with the the tin container of enzyme cream, and dipped his claws in the opaque substance. A soon as he applied it to her skin, the wounds faded away. He rubbed the excess cream between his fingers, but it would stay slick until it soaked in or was washed off. It would be a perfect lubricant for sex, and Dumala's chest rumbled with a purr, pleased with the sudden idea.

## Chapter 17

---

The enzyme cream would slick things up enough to ease him inside her, and it would heal any tearing at the same time. It wouldn't get rid of pain, but it would have to do. With the scratches healed, Nicole tried to go back to packing, but Dumala blocked her. She stared at his abs in front of her, then slowly up to his face, wondering what he was up to. He gazed down at her and purred.

Nicole smiled slightly, but went around him and headed back to the storage bins. Dumala followed close behind her, heat radiating off him and sinking into her back. She grabbed a strange mechanical tool and brought it over to one of the bins with similar items. Before she could place it inside though, Dumala nudged the bin out of her reach with his foot. She scowled at him, but when he purred, her features smoothed out with the calming sound.

She tried to step towards the bin, but he quickly stood in front of her. She tried to go around him, but his muscles fluidly rippled in front of her, keeping her cut off. That heady, overly-masculine smell hit her senses, rolling off his skin in pungent waves. That, combined with his purring, almost had her body dissolved to a puddle at his feet. Her eyes peeked down at his loincloth, finding that it was forming a tent over his aroused manhood.

She held her arms behind her back playfully, "Oh, you want consent?"

He rumbled like a hungry animal.

She stepped a little closer, "Why didn't you just say something?"

"Females are supposed to initiate."

She lifted her hand, hovering it over his chest. His purrs had her lids feeling heavy, and his musk had her body tingling with need. Still, they had work to do, and she dreaded the pain. The longer they waited to have sex, the more nervous about it she grew. She withdrew her hand and started packing his things again.

Dumala's purrs abruptly ended and he stood there just watching her. Already he had been harassing her for consent, and a yautja female would have taken a swing at him for it. He wouldn't prod her anymore, but wouldn't give up either. Dumala went to grab the trophy he'd collected with her in mind.

He lifted it up, not knowing what he'd do if she rejected it. The prince would never let him go hunting for another skull. Dumala stood beside her kneeling form and chuffed, trying to gain her attention. Nicole glanced at him, and her eyes widened at the skull in his arms. She rose to her feet with a smile, and Dumala extended the skull out for her to take it.

She looked it over curiously. It was a sizeable skull, and looked like it might be heavy. It was shaped like a cow skull, without horns, and it was textured like thick, peeling bark on a tree. She didn't fully understand yautja culture, but Dumala nudged the skull closer to her, wanting her to take it. She hovered her hands around it, almost declining just because she didn't want to break his trophy.

Nicole placed her hand under it though, and took the trophy. She didn't really know what to say, "This is a very nice skull."

Dumala trilled.

Her arms were quickly getting tired, so she turned and set the skull on the counter. Dumala crowded her again, purring. She knew he was showing off the skull, and knew that he wanted to get her in bed. This time, her control was weakened. She turned around, his sculpted abs inches from her face. Instead of placing her hand on him, she leaned forward and placed a kiss on his solid muscles.

Dumala exhaled loudly, fighting back the urge to fuck her where she stood. He hefted her up into his arms, grabbed the healing cream, then took her to his bed. He laid her down in the furs, his cock swelling at the sight of her. His instincts told him to pin her down, dominate her, bite her. Sometime in the future maybe he could be rougher with her, but for now, he had to control his urges.

Dumala briefly touched her nipples how she liked, then rubbed her sex how she'd shown him. He was rushed just to finally feel her moist depths though, so foreplay was minimal. Her bronze tinged green eyes watched him as he applied copious amounts of the slick cream to his member, then he spread her legs. Dumala crawled over her, again making her feel small and insignificant in comparison to him. He gently pushed at her entrance.

He looked huge, but when he started to force himself inside her, he felt enormous. She would have thought that his fingers would have stretched her out from their dungeon session, and the lubricant would make things easy. However, the pain was just as sharp as before. And with the pain, she couldn't help but tense up and clench her walls, making it worse. Noticing her discomfort, he lowered to his elbows and started purring.

He urged farther inside, and her breathing kicked up a notch. When she started to squirm, he put his weight on her so she couldn't get away. She whined. Her sheath was impossibly tight around the tip of his cock. He didn't move, just hoping she would get used to his size.

"Stop, stop, pull out."

He groaned but backed out of her. He wondered if others oomans at the brothel had the same problem. Did every customer tear them apart, or did they eventually accommodate a yautjas great size? His body ached for her, craved her. He wouldn't give up so easily this time.

Dumala manhandled her, flipping her over to her stomach and bringing her hips in the air. He hoped a different angle might help. He fed his cock inside her slowly, groaning with the pleasure. When she leaned forward, his immediate response was to wrap his arm around her middle and thrust into her. She cringed and let out a squeak of pain.

Dumala quickly let go of her waist, and she leaned forward until his cock slid out of her. He would give her minute, but if they were unable to have sex this time, he'd grab some painkillers. They'd let her body get used to his size, but sex for her wouldn't be very enjoyable on the pain meds. Still, it might be necessary for the first few times. He had one more idea though.

Nicole squeaked as he suddenly lifted her up. Dumala flopped onto his back and drug her with him, positioning her on top, straddling him. His thumb played over her swelling button as he purred. With her on top, she could control how fast to go, and how deep.

“Move at your pace.” He prompted her.

Nicole tried to focus on his sexy smell, that luring musk swirled with cinnamon, and his glorious body-anything but the pain. Her hands went to his chest, sliding her palms over the contours. His nails brushed across her nipple, which sent a mortifying tingle to her core. She rose to her knees, and his cock stirred beneath her with anticipation. She slowly lowered onto the gleaming tip of him.

While Dumala had been trying to ease all the way inside her, Nicole took a different approach. She made tiny movements, up and down. He could feel her relaxing, and her scent sweetened to full ripeness. His every inhale was saturated with her arousal. With every stroke, she took just a little bit more of him inside her.

The waves of pain began to roll into blissful pleasure. His deep throated groans only spurred her on. She tried to get used to the feel of being stretched to the fullest, tilting and swaying her hips. She made slow, seductive figure-eight movements and Dumala reacted with guttural noises. His hands tightly claimed her hips, and he gently began to thrust upwards.

He couldn't tell if she was making pained or pleased noises, but she didn't tell him to stop. He grunted with the pleasure and thrust faster. It was too much to take, and she felt her climax building inside her with a momentum that almost scared her. A tremor wracked through her body, euphoria flooding in as the aftershock. Nicole tilted back her head with a passionate cry and Dumala felt his testicles contract before his seed erupted within her.

Nicole rose off of his erection, and heavily flopped onto his chest, panting. She whined a little when she shifted her hips. He knew that she'd ache for a while. Dumala wrapped his arms around her back with a delighted rumble. Since they still had packing to do, he shifted to his side, and tried to slip out of bed.

“No,” she begged softly, “stay here with me.”

Once the act was completed, yautja females preferred some distance. Nicole was ooman though, and very different. Dumala relaxed back in the furs and she snuggled close, wrapping herself up in his arms. They stayed like that for several minutes and he made a mental note that she liked to cuddle after sex. He had never known such gentleness and affection before Nicole.



## Chapter 18

---

Nicole wandered around their new accommodations in the royal house. It was big, spacious-they even had a separate bathing room and lavatory. It more organically designed than Dumala's house. Instead of squared off rooms and hallways, everything was rounded and flowing. The walls seemed thick, with strange decorative ribs, carvings, and ornate columns.

As they got situated, a dull pain between her legs reminded her of the previous events, and she finally grew brave enough to ask, "What if I got pregnant?"

Dumala was busy placing his stuff in the new room, but lifted his gaze to her. He knew she wouldn't get pregnant, so he wasn't sure what sort of answer she was looking for. He grunted passively.

"Do you want to have kids with me?"

Dumala had already sired plenty of offspring, had fulfilled that drive. And since he couldn't have sucklings with Nicole anyway, he said, "No."

Nicole nodded solemnly and Dumala went back to unpacking. She wandered out of his peripheral vision as he organized his belongings. He did not hear her helping with his stuff, and distantly wondered where she had gone. After several minutes had passed, he finally realized that something was wrong. Dumala lifted his head to scent the air, quickly determining that she had gone into the bedroom, and he went to go find her.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, the storage bin of furs at her feet, but she made no move to grab them. She tried not to let what he'd said get to her. Maybe he just didn't want kids yet, or maybe he wasn't allowed to as the asshole's new guard. Nicole just wanted a family though. She had always wanted a family.

Dumala made a light chattering noise, and she looked up at him. He grabbed one of the pelts from the bin and put it on the bed. Nicole sighed loudly. His new mate seemed upset, so he nudged open her legs to check for damage. She roughly shoved his hand away.

"I want to have a baby."

He could understand her distress, and he leaned his forehead down against hers, "It is impossible."

She shoved at his shoulders so she could look in his orange eyes, "No it's not. The girl at the brothel that spoke yautja got pregnant and had a hybrid baby."

"Not impossible for an ooman, but it is impossible for you."

"Because of my size?" She knew she had a petite build and was the shortest human at the brothel.

Dumala hesitated, but said, "No."

"Why not then?"

He began to wonder if she'd been told that her reproductive organs were compromised. He would have thought that ooman technology was capable of showing that sort of thing. If she didn't know, he didn't want to be the one to tell her. He spoke cautiously, "We just can't."

"Dumala." She was scolding him.

He caved, "Me'cre did not put you on any birth control. It was not necessary."

"Wasn't necessary?"

"She informed me that you have a birth defect, and cannot reproduce."

"...What?" Nicole felt the room spin.

It couldn't be true. All this time, and she hadn't known. On Earth, she had relentlessly tried to remember to take a birth control pill at the same time every day, only to find out now that she couldn't even have kids. Nicole shook her head, feeling hopeless. When her eyes started to water, Dumala started to purr.

"We could adopt." Dumala would not mind helping her raise a pup, if that was what she wanted.

"Is that really an option? Is orphaned yautjas common? Would they even consider letting a human have one?"

He mulled it over so for a few seconds, then said, "No, but we could go to Earth and bring back an ooman child."

Nicole choked, completely taken by surprise, "Y-you... you'd do that?"

"When the prince goes on a hunt, he will not want a body guard. Then, we will be free to go to Earth and find a young ooman pup without parents."

Nicole flung her arms around him and hugged him tightly. It was a strange gesture that he was not really familiar with, but he enjoyed it all the same. His soothing purrs vibrated through her body, easing her aches and worries.

"I love you."

Dumala let out a high-pitched chirp, surprised to hear those words. He hadn't heard an announcement of deep attachment and affection since Vett died. Her death had always seemed to cycle through his dreams, and loom over her head like it had happened only the day before, instead of years ago. But, with Nicole's body held close and her words singing in his ears, Vett's passing seemed more distant. His arms slipped around Nicole's back as he drew in her sweet scent-she made him feel whole again.

"You have my heart." He responded tenderly.

They just had to bide their time, through royal meetings, banquets, etc., until the prince went on a hunt. Then, Nicole would have her family. Most days, Nicole was cooped up in their room or she wandered the huge house with her own bodyguards at her heels. Some days were different though, and Nicole could be with Dumala while he worked. She took full advantage of those rare occasions.

Days that he felt the prince's life was at minimal risk, he was allowed to bring Nicole along. Most meetings were tense, involving rival clans, debates, trades, and other important matters. This time, the meeting was between wise, seasoned hunters, to casually discuss planets suitable for a new hunting preserve. Still, Dumala had a job to perform. He sat beside the prince, fully armored, with a combi stick in one hand.

Nicole sat in his lap. Dumala was not a squishy sofa even without the armor and crotch-guard, but now he was downright lethal and unbearably uncomfortable-so she had soft leather cushion on him. She sat with her legs crossed under her, probably looking ridiculous to the other yautjas, but Nicole enjoyed being treated like a pet. Dumala knew her worth and status, and that was all that mattered to her.

Though the older yautjas were less reactive and acted merely curious to her presence, some of the younger yautjas had harassed Dumala about his ooman in the past. Dumala did not hesitate to put them in their place. With precise and fluid movements, he had rose from his chair and set Nicole on her feet before issuing an attack. The instigator had said that Nicole was a distraction and a burden. However, he hadn't known that Dumala had hidden weapons under her clothes.

Dumala had stormed up to the male, seemingly unarmed. The rude stranger didn't back off, spouting that the ooman needed to be removed. With a bark, Dumala rose his hand in the air, and Nicole threw him a long blade. Her aim wasn't perfect, but Dumala caught the handle easily and he pressed the sharp metal to the yautjas throat with a growl. He had made his point, that the ooman was not a distraction, and was even useful.

Since that event, no one commented on his ooman. His protective demeanor towards her made him better at his duties to protect the prince anyway. No one would stand a chance against him. So Nicole was allowed to stay, even though the long meetings bored her. Sometimes she wished that she could turn the translator off.

While they spoke of prey and foreign planets, Nicole brushed her fingers up and down Dumala's tough hide. She admired his light skin, painted with muted browns and mottled with black. His chest thrummed with a silent purr. Encouraged, she reached up and stroked one of his light brown dreds. He hummed.

Nicole tried to be patient, the meeting still droning on. After a moment though, she slowly turned sideways in his lap and started playing with the tiny black spikes on his chest and his forearms. Dumala remained stoic, poised and ready to gut somebody. She stretched up to place a small kiss under his jaw. His chest vibrated softly.

Her hot breath touched his skin and she laid gentle kisses on the crook of his neck. His hands tightened around the pole of the combi stick. Nicole gave him one last kiss, then straightened, realizing that the room had gone quiet. She looked to see that all of the yautjas in the room had their heads turned towards her. The oldest and strongest elder started a hoarse but alluring purring-an invitation to mate.

Dumala should have reacted with aggression, but felt more amused than anything. A yautja female would have found Nicole's behavior degrading, fawning over a male in such a way. But Dumala felt smug that he had something the elders and elites didn't-Nicole's tenderness and affection. It was exactly what he'd been needing in his life. Her cheeks

flushed with red color and the elder stopped purring as soon as she looked away-declining his invitation.

The prince growled, returning everyone's attention back to the meeting. Nicole chewed on her lower lip and tried to stay still for the rest of the conversation. In the end, they agreed on a new planet and the prince declared that he would lead the first hunt. The prince had already agreed that Nicole could be his mate, and that meant that offspring had to be allowed as well. When he went on the hunt then, Dumala and Nicole would go to Earth to adopt an ooman suckling.

~La fin~ (French for "the end")